Vol. CXXVIII. No. 1662.

Fit "TripleX" -and be safe Daimler do!

THE BYSTANDER, OCTOBER 23, 1935.

The BYSTANDER

SPORT STAGE SOCIETY RACING
GOSSIP GOLF FILMS FASHIONS

1/-

Weddings and Engagements : "Bystander" Short Story

"Bystander" Ladies' Autumn Foursomes

DEAF— YOU DON'T NEED EARS TO HEAR WITH "BONADENTE" —BONE CONDUCTION—

Really Better Hearing for Church, Conversation, Home, Talkies, Meetings, Shopping and street safety! No need to use ears to hear by this method...the very latest invention of bone conduction. "BONADENTE" is perfection. Entirely different from all else and combining amplification with amazing true-to-tone results—nothing to be worn in the Ear orifice and really inconspicuous. No matter the cause of your deafness—cases considered hopeless are now benefiting (so-called "Stone Deafness"). This is the complete answer to your needs whatever you have tried or are using. Even if the drums are perforated or removed, bone conduction means that you hear by bone-contact — no need to use your ear at all.

"Hearing is Believing."

CALL OR WRITE FOR FREE TEST

Ask for "Medical Commendations."

R.H.DENT, 309, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1

(*Coloured Building and Square Clock*) *Mayfair* 1380/1718.
Buses stop at door, near two car-parks.

Birmingham, Bristol, Cardiff, Exeter, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Hull, Leeds, Leicester, Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle.

SAFE FOR DYSPEPTICS

THE DOCTOR'S CHINA TEA

Sold **only** in ¼ lb. and ½ lb. packets and 1 lb. canisters

Priced at **2/8, 3/2, 3/10,** and **4/4** per lb.

HARDEN BROS. & LINDSAY, Ltd., 30 Mincing Lane, E.C.3

CVS—151

BOLLINGER

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING.

CHAMPAGNE

1928 VINTAGE and SPECIAL CUVÉE.

A Genuine White Lady Cocktail must contain Cointreau

COINTREAU

Extra Dry for England

THE WELL BALANCED LIQUEUR

A WARM FRIEND IN COLD WEATHER

LEMON HART

EST. **RUM** 1804

The **BEST** *and* **PUREST** *of all* **SPIRITS**

GENASPRIN

THE SAFE BRAND OF ASPIRIN, NOW OBTAINABLE IN A

NEW 6D. SIZE

2/- SIZE INCREASED BY 15 TABLETS

Highly recommended by the Medical Profession for Constipation and Liver Attacks—

"APENTA"

Natural Aperient Water

Obtainable from all Chemists

PRICE ONE SHILLING: By Inland Post, 1s. 1½d. OFFICES—LONDON: 346, Strand, W.C.2. PARIS: 65-67, Avenue des Champs-Elysées, Paris, viii. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

A Winter's Tale

There was once a Very Clever Man who decided to be an Ice-cream Magnate. To the bewilderment of his friends he never railed against what they considered to be the Supreme Injustice of his calling: that he must now take his holidays in October or November or even December! Indeed, he was heard to say that he would be a Silly Fellow to leave his own acres at the height of their July and August beauty. (This was a sinister threat to our grand Old English Custom). So, as the last leaves fell from his trees, he would say very wittily, "I am now going for my Summer Holiday", at which all his friends would laugh heartily (for he was very wealthy). He did not tell them that he also saved money on Winter Overcoats, because as we said at the beginning, he was a Very Clever Man. Nor did he tell them where he went, which was Somewhat Selfish. Perhaps you can guess.

PALACE
HOTEL TORQUAY

Telephone: Torquay 2271

AMUSEMENTS

COLISEUM. (Charing Cross.) (Temple Bar 3161.)
Evenings at 8.30. Mats., Weds. Thurs. and Sats., at 2.30.
BALLETS de Léon WOIZIKOVSKY.
LAST NIGHT OF BALLET SEASON, OCTOBER 26.

BRITISH HOTELS

SUNNY ST. LEONARDS

Come away from winter's icy blast and enjoy soft warmth in the spacious sun-lounge of the Royal Victoria Hotel. The hotel of pleasing discoveries—the hotel you'll leave with reluctance. 100 bedrooms and suites all with central and electric heating, h. & c.; unstinted cuisine; willing service; large lift; garage. The luxury of a well-run hotel at which kings have stayed, blended with the friendly atmosphere of home . . . and from 4½ guineas per week.

ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL
ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA. *'Phone: Hastings 869.*

England's most beautiful holiday-land — the Lake District. Its leading Hotel —
THE KESWICK
at KESWICK-ON-DERWENTWATER.
Illustrated tariff from J. & M. Wivell & Son, *Proprietors.*

WEIRD STORIES

A most entertaining book of Mystery and the Occult, containing more than sixty short stories of absorbing interest relating weird personal experiences, all written by responsible people in good faith.

200 PAGES IN CLOTH-BOUND COVER

PRICE **2/6** PER COPY
(Postage 4d. extra.)

Order with remittance to be sent to—
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, Ltd.,
346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.

Guernsey.—Moore's Queen's Hotel.—Fully licensed, with h. & c. running water. Central. 3 Gns. to end of June. 4 Gns. summer. A.A.

FRANCE.

Paris. — **Hotel Lutetia.** — Of universal renown. Every possible comfort. Rooms from Frs. 25.

Cannes.—Spend Summer at the **Htl. Miramar.** Its New Grill—where good taste and good living are insep'ble. All r'ms with priv. bath.

Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.—First class, 200 rms. Own Gar. with lock-ups. Attr. tms. Annexe: Hotel Adelphi. Rms. fr. Fs. 25. Entir. renov.

Versailles.—"Le Home Versaillais," 58, rue du Maréchal Foch. Rooms. Studios. Furn'd flats, 1st-class installation. Moderate terms.

GERMANY.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest & most perf. Hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Stuttgart. — **Hotel Graf Zeppelin.** — Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Stuttgart. — **Hotel Viktoria.** — Most distinguished world-wide known house. Seasonable terms.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl. fam. Hotel. 300 beds. Med. bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pens. from Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel. Own bathing estab. Patronised by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pens. from 11 Mks.

Wiesbaden. — **Palast Hotel.** — First-class Hotel, opp. Kochbrunnen. Every possible comf. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM. 10.

SWITZERLAND.

Geneva.—The Beau-Rivage.—Finest pos. on the lake, fac. Mt. Blanc. All mod. comfort. Former prices reduced. Rms. fm. Sw. Frs. 7.

Geneva. — **Hotel Richemond.** — First-class family hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to-date. Rooms from 6 Frs.

Lausanne. — **Belvedere Hotel.** — Best pos., first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.

Lausanne-Palace-Beau-Site.—First class at reasonable rates. Exc. cuisine. Nicest position. Park. Garage. Priv. Tennis. Golf.

Lausanne.—Hotel Victoria.—1st class home-like house, latest comf., overlooking the lake. Incl. terms from Fr. 11.50. Restaurant. Gar.

ACHES, PAINS STIFFNESS RUBBED AWAY

Stiff muscles are *poisoned* muscles. Local congestion prevents the blood from circulating freely and removing waste products. Hence the pain . . . hence the need for a good rub with Volatol to draw blood to the part and carry away both poison and pain. You can feel its healing warmth doing you good.

Of all Chemists 2/-

STIFF JOINTS, STRAINED MUSCLES, MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, ETC.

Rub a little in... feel a lot better
VOLATOL
TAKES PAINS

The Bystander, October 23, 1935

The BYSTANDER

Vol. CXXVIII. No. 1662.

Cannons of Hollywood

Gina Malo

Cincinnati is this girl's home town, and she had her first stage part there when she was only eleven. She was a "George White's Scandals" girl when she was seventeen, spent a year or two on the Paris stage, and since 1931 has been mostly over here. She took over Claire Luce's part in "Gay Deceivers" during its Coliseum run, and has done lots of film work. Her latest job was in "Jack of All Trades," with Jack Hulbert, which has just been completed, and is a safe bet for the Christmas holidays

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 125

The Marquess of Clydesdale

Potted by Charles Gay
Caricatured by Sirra

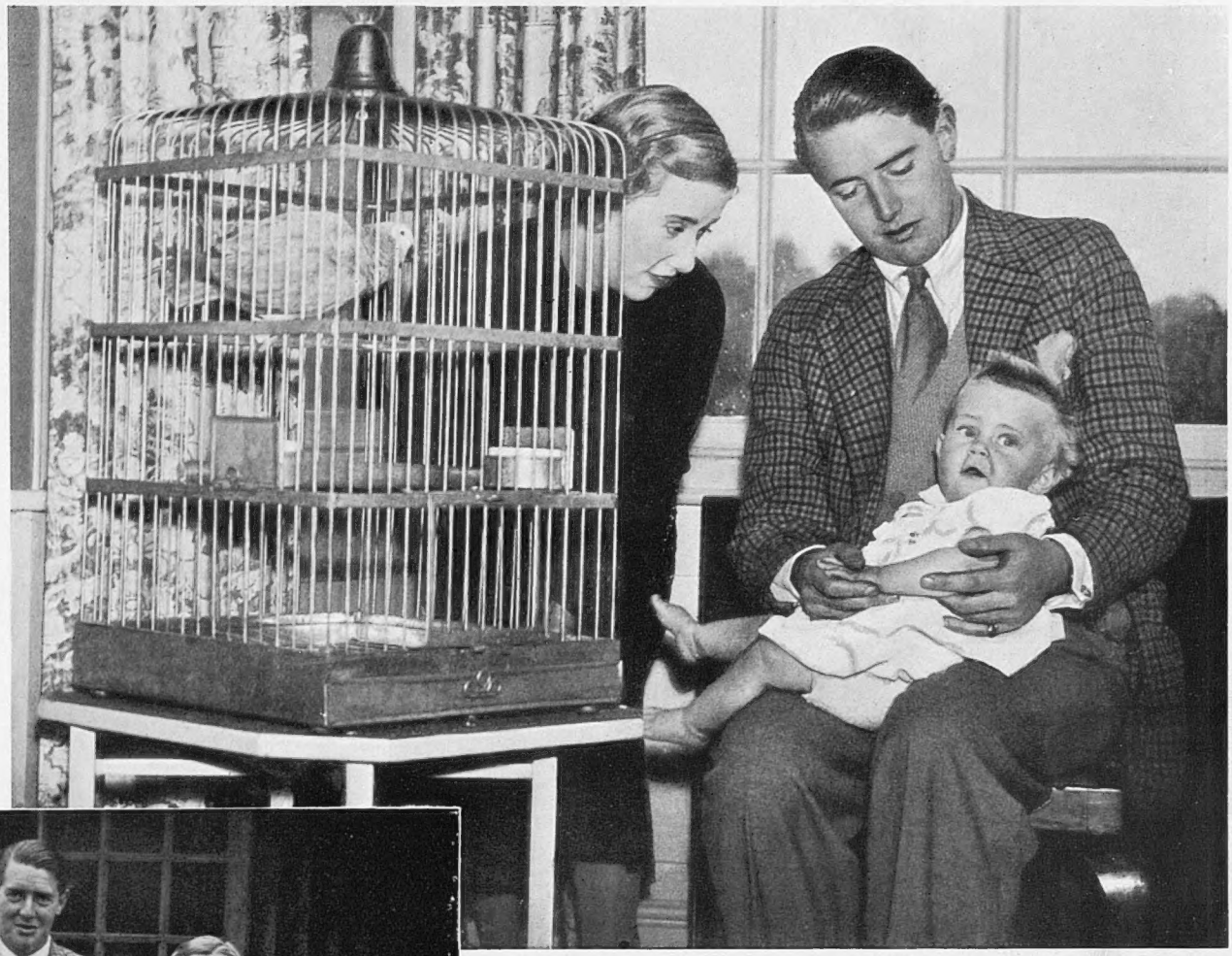
"DOUGLO" CLYDESDALE, Marquess of that ilk, is a curious mixture. He is exceedingly brave, and yet is so keen on physical fitness that if he gets a cold in the nose he becomes quite upset. As an undergraduate he was known for his terrific punch, and captained the Oxford University boxing team. His greatest friend is Eddie Eagan, once the amateur champion of America, to whose son he is godfather.

Fair-haired and blue-eyed, he is more proud of the Douglas than the Hamilton in his pedigree. He is very keen on ski-ing, and is becoming first-class in record time. You can always find him among the earliest visitors to Switzerland, and in the first week of December will be found disporting himself at Scheidegg before the other winter resorts are open. The very first snow report will always see him climbing into his Moth and getting a week-end's ski-ing. He will fly any aeroplane he sees. His greatest achievement so far was when he flew over Everest, for which he received the Air Force Cross.

HE has travelled all round the world; deputises for his father at Holyrood Palace; is a Member of Parliament; and is very popular with the miners. He does not speak very much, but when he does it is good. On one occasion he was being heckled during the last election. Someone said, "Do you believe in birth control?" Lord Clydesdale paused a moment and said "No. But I believe in *self*-control."

Behind a rather shy and unassuming manner lies great strength of character. He is an authority on coal-mining as well as on flying. He is a non-smoker; drinks very little; and has built aerodromes at Dungabel and Ferne. He is fond of sunshine and will try anything once. Last year I saw him come a couple of imperial purlers at Biarritz, where he insisted on aquaplaning in a really rough sea.

Like his mother, the Duchess of Hamilton, he disapproves strongly of cruelty to animals, and therefore does not take part in blood sports. I do not believe that he even fishes, much less hunts. You will often see him doing gymnastics at the Bath Club. But very few people know where he keeps his modest apartment in London. His other clubs include the Royal Air Force Club and the New Club at Edinburgh. He has represented East Renfrewshire since 1930 and was educated at Eton and Balliol. He is thirty-two years old, and already so well known on the Continent that when he lost his flying map over the Alps two years ago it was posted back to him by a Swiss mountaineer within twenty-four hours. Despite various attempts on the part of various match-making mothers he remains unmarried. His brother-in-law is Christopher Mackintosh.



Daughter Ann is Cheerful and Chubby

Young - Marrieds At Home

Viscount and Viscountess Milton

The Miltons Live in Yorkshire

Lord and Lady Milton and their nice ten-months-old daughter, Ann, live in Yorkshire; their house at Malton is called the Croft. He is Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam's only son, and his attractive Irish wife, whom he married in 1933, was Olive Plunket, daughter of Bishop Plunket and cousin of Lord Plunket. Lord Milton is Master of the Derwent, which he took over before last season. He also owns one or two racehorses, which he trains with Easterby at Malton

Early Introduction to Sporting Life

"Is there anyone with a screwdriver in the audience?"

Lucky Manchester!

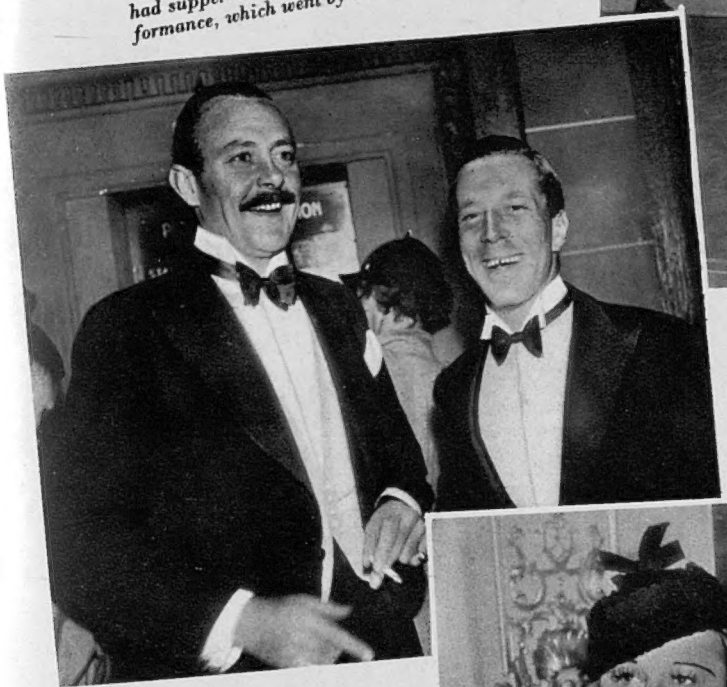
First-Night Review of the Coward Triple Bill Production

Epilogue to Success

Gertrude Lawrence and the hero of the evening had supper at the Midland Hotel after the performance, which went by with one gigantic swing

Music-Hall Comedy in "Red Peppers"

The third of the first trio of plays is the broadest of good fun, with the dressing-room of a provincial music-hall as its setting. Noel Coward always could take off his sophisticated coat and get down to a bit of rough and tumble, and in this interlude with music, he and Gertrude Lawrence set the hard-headed Lancastrians rocking in their seats with delight



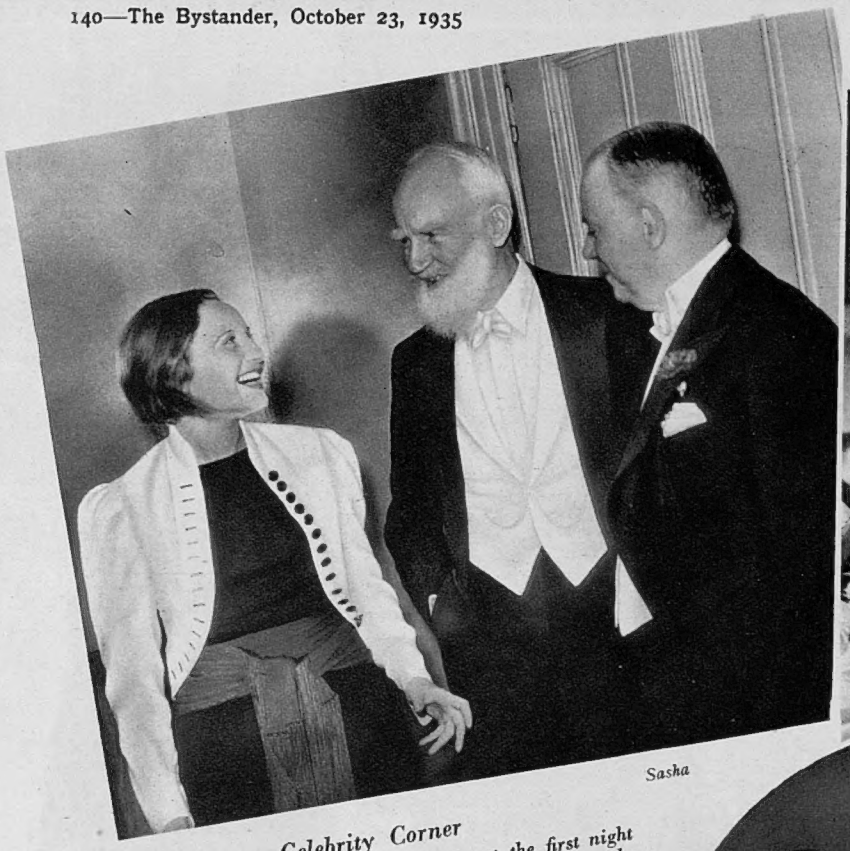
They Liked It

Major Pat Anderson and the Hon. Peter Samuel were a good advertisement for the show with their broad grins. They were snapped in the foyer of the theatre

Alice Delysia was in the Audience Too

Right: Delysia and Richard Colley were in the same supper-party at the Midland. She is appearing in a new show, called "Varieties," which is coming to London soon

THE enthusiasts who took themselves to Manchester last week to give *To-night at 7.30* a send-off, certainly had their money's worth. They saw a unique and completely brilliant production, which left everyone open-mouthed at the extraordinary talent, versatility and physical energy that had gone to its creation. If Noel Coward isn't a theatrical genius after this, then there's no such thing. Gertrude Lawrence is a perfect partner for Coward, whatever the mood of the piece, and the rest of the cast were excellent. Besides *Red Peppers*, which ended the first night, the triple bill included *We Were Dancing*, a two-scene comedy of the *Private Lives*, type, and *The Astonished Heart*, a short psychological drama which reminded everyone that Coward once wrote a very serious play called *The Vortex*



Sasha

Celebrity Corner

This netful of celebrities was caught at the first night of the new Bridie play, "The Black Eye," at the Shaftesbury. Elisabeth Bergner, Bernard Shaw and C. B. Cochran shared the joke. Cochran put on "The Black Eye," and will have Elisabeth Bergner under his management when she appears in Barrie's new play

Lady Alice Scott at a Charity Ball

Lady Alice Scott made her first public appearance since her engagement at the Battersea General Hospital Ball at the Dorchester last week. She is with Mrs. Sidney Parkes, the chairman, and Sir Noel Curtis Bennett. One of her paintings was auctioned during the evening for the Hospital

Welcome Visitor

Miss Elsa Maxwell is giving England a turn at the moment, and doing a round of the topical entertainments. Here she is, talking to Miss Pat Wallace, the late Edgar Wallace's daughter, at Charles Naegelé's piano recital

Well, Abyssinia . . .

Left: that's Rosita Forbes (Mrs. Arthur McGrath) in the dress presented to her by the Empress of Abyssinia when she made her explorations in that country. She wears it for the film, "The Real Abyssinia," which has just been produced and for which Rosita Forbes speaks the prologue

THE LONDON

Right: the Duchess of Leinster opened Norman Parkinson's exhibition of photographs at 1, Dover Street last week, and stopped to look at the attractive picture of herself when she walked round the room afterwards

The Duchess of Leinster

SCENE

Author . . .

Miss Winona Reid went to the first night of "A Butterfly on the Wheel" with its author, Mr. E. G. Hemmerde, K.C. He is the Recorder of Liverpool, has been an M.P. three times (last time as Labour Member for Crewe), and is the author of several plays besides this one, which made its original success in 1911

Sasha

Mrs. Littlejohn Cook and Miss Nell St. John Montague

Above: these two were hostesses at a big afternoon party last week at 16, Bruton Street at which Mrs. Littlejohn Cook's shop, Xenia, provided entertainment in the shape of a mannequin parade as entertainment

Swaebe

Supper After a Film Première

The party on the left includes Miss Penelope Dudley Ward, Mr. Rex Whistler, the Marquis de Casa Maury, Lady Moore, Mr. Cecil Beaton, and Mrs. Montagu. They had all moved on to the Bon Viveur for supper after the première of "Joan of Arc," at the Curzon

Opens an Exhibition

Wait! He's Thinking!

No one can think well just before lunch, so why did "Charlie" try? He's the "indefatigable" one who appears officially in the Ritz café chantant and unofficially at most parties. With him is Diana Ward, who is now playing lead in "Anything Goes," as well as crooning in the Dorchester Follies show

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

Fayer of Vienna, Dorland House

Mrs. Jarrard Dunolly

Jonne Briscoe-George that was went out to the Sudan for her wedding last Friday, to Jarrard Dunolly, who is stationed out there. She is Mrs. Briscoe-George's younger daughter, and sister of Lady Selby; her husband's parents are Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. K. J. G. Dunolly

Hay Wrightson

Miss Patricia Stock

Is the daughter of the late Capt. A. B. Stock, and Mrs. Vernon Tate, of 44, Lowndes Square, and half-sister of Lord de Clifford; she's engaged to Raoul Lloyd-Dolby, son of the late John Lloyd-Dolby, of Wistanow, Shropshire

Yevonde

Countess Marguerite de Bosdari

Is Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bendir's daughter, and is going to marry in the near future Lothar Mendes, the German film director

October in Paris

PARIS appears to be gay for a change; lots of Mayfair tourists, anyway. Lady Bridget Poulett has just been over for a week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Johnnie Musker. Lady Moira Combe, Mrs. Drogo Montague, and Mrs. de Winton Wills were among those we heard of at Florence's. Also good-looking Vivian Cornelius, whose charming wife is on a visit to New York. Lewis Slowden is a grand person to go round Paris with. He owns (or runs) an art and antique gallery there; was in the Flying Corps during the war, and afterwards became Mrs. Vernon Castle's dancing partner, with his name electric-signed on Broadway. Which explains why we still all want to dance with him. Incidentally, he is English and extremely good-looking.

Longest Kiss on Record

NOEL COWARD'S opening night at the Opera House, Manchester, was well worth the tedious journey there and back. When we tell you that you are going to see Mr. Coward doing a music-hall turn with Gertrude Lawrence, in horn-rimmed spectacles as a middle-aged doctor, and, thank goodness, as a modern cad lover in a mess jacket, you know you are going to enjoy yourselves.

In the first play our hero and heroine indulge in what must be the longest stage kiss on record, and Miss Lawrence wears a divine dress, composed entirely of white silk fringe.

The second is stark, realistic tragedy, with "Gee" a lighthearted siren in a litter of blue foxes, reduced by the middle-aged doctor to a blubbering mess on the floor. Actually, the music-hall scene with "Coward and Lawrence" as a double act was perhaps our favourite.

A Burst of Applause

IN the audience we noted Lady Stanley of Alderley, in a becoming yellow dress; Lady Helen and Mr. Lionel Berry; our latest royal trousseau designer, Mr. Hartnell; Miss Daphne Kingsmill, who dashed up at the last minute; and Mrs. Gilroy, of the grey hair and smart clothes.

Supper at the Midland afterwards reminded us of the gaiety of the Adelphi on Grand National night. The crowd was terrific, and a burst of applause greeted the arrival of Mr. Coward and Miss Lawrence. Alice Delysia and Hermione Baddeley were other stars we noticed that night in different parties.

Mystery or Braggadocio?

CONVERSATION turned the other day on whether it was wise to flaunt a newfound discovery in the person of a "boy" or "girl friend," or shroud them in a cloak of mystery. One woman said, "I have lost every 'discovery' by bouncing around saying, 'Look what I've found!' before I have ever got them, and they have been tweaked away under my very nose!"

A well-known young man was very disgruntled because the unknown blondes that form his life-work become so well-known under his "chaperonage" that they get swelled heads, find him out in his true colours as playing bore for England, and leave him flat for something gayer, richer, and more dashing!

Mayfair is Inquisitive

"I'M dining with friends" is one of the oldest and dreariest platitudes ever made use of by a man when he is taking his wife's manicurist out on an evening of discovery! Apropos of all this mystery business, Mayfair is inquisitive—let's face it—and is intrigued as to the identity of the tall, fair, very good-looking man who is "going places" with a very chic, grey-haired American woman; the name of one of the two blonde girl-friends of a young peer; and whether the beautiful brunette with yet another eligible member of the House of Lords was ever one of "Les Girls."

A Rare Appearance

MR. GEOFFREY TOYE gave a small and amusing supper-party for Mr. Charles

Naegelé after his pianoforte recital on Tuesday night, at which, to everyone's delight, Elsa Maxwell sang some of Cole Porter's songs. Miss Fellowes Gordon made one of her very rare appearances. She is staying with Mrs. Heitman at her Mount Street flat.

We Are Disgruntled!

CESAREWITCH DAY at Newmarket was a riot of colour. Women have not been so gaily dressed for years, especially for the serious business of racing. There was Lady Helena FitzWilliam all in bright purple; Lady Long in vivid yellow; that lovely girl, Diana Clark, in a blue-and-white-spotted silk mackintosh. Lady Warrender, on her way to perform some duty in her husband's constituency, was wearing that quiet but impossible-to-describe colour that is neither blue nor green. The Comtesse de Pret-Roose was one of the smartest women we saw all day, in a symphony of dark green and beaver, coq feathers in her little green cap.

Having, like a hundred-and-one other unfortunates, backed the wrong horse in the right stable, Newmarket leaves us feeling slightly disgruntled!

A Lovely Week-End

GREAT TANGLEY MANOR, near Guildford, which belongs to Sir Frederick Ponsonby, has been leased for a year by Mr. Edward Hulton. The Saxon foundations of the house go back as far as the year 800, the main part of the building being Tudor. A picturesque moat surrounds the house, golf links adjoin the garden, and it is altogether an ideal place in which to spend a week-end, as we were lucky enough to discover recently. Sir Frederick Ponsonby is an artist of great ability, and many extremely clever copies of old oil paintings adorn the walls.

Mr. and Mrs. Alistair Maynard were staying there the same week-end. He is a clever and highly successful house-decorator, rather a rare turn for an ex-soldier, who, only a year or two ago, was A.D.C. to the Viceroy of India. His wife (young enough readers will remember) is Major "Tolly" Wingfield's attractive daughter.

A Le Touquet Romance

A SHORT Le Touquet romance culminated at Caxton Hall one morning last week, when Major Geoffrey Mole and Mrs. Neave were married. She is American, dark, smart, and very pretty. He was formerly in the 14th Hussars. Miss Inez Quilter, Mrs. Harriman, and Major Walter Wilson were, we hear, the only witnesses and almost the only people who knew of this secret and romantic wedding.

Beating Their Own Record

WHAT with Manchester claiming our attention in one direction and Newmarket in another, it was Wednesday before we had a night round the town.

The Yacht Club Boys are better than ever, and are beating even their own record. Their team work and "timing" are so good, and they simply radiate pep and a party spirit. Lord and Lady Milton were at the "Café" that night; what a lovely diamond necklace hers is!

The Maharanees of Nepal and Cooch Behar, picturesquely garbed, were in a large party, and a recent bride and bridegroom, just returned from their honeymoon, were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mills. She was looking quite lovely in a white dress, long ermine coat, and marvellous pearls; which, you must admit, sounds a pretty good outfit for any girl!

Swaebe

There Are So Many First Nights, Stage and Film, That It's Hard to Stay at Home

Engaged Couple

Above, left: Lord Castlereagh, Princess Otto von Bismarck, Lady Castlereagh and Prince Otto von Bismarck were at the "Joan of Arc" première at the Curzon

Above, right: Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, in a shining hooded cape, and Major and Mrs. Ian Hay Beith went to the first night of John Gielgud's production of "Romeo and Juliet"

Left: Miss Diana Napier and Richard Tauber were at the Personal Service League première of "Heart's Desire," the new Tauber film at the Regal

Right: Ruth Dunning, who has taken Wendy Hiller's part in "Love on the Dole," and the author of the book were at the Lancashire supper that celebrated the play's five hundredth performance

Eating Lancashire Hot-Pot?

They Dined for the Sake of the Navy

Lord Derby, Lady Cork and Orrery and Lord Lloyd sat next each other at the Navy League dinner at Grosvenor House last week; Lord Lloyd was the president for the evening. All the speeches, of which Winston Churchill made one, were, as the occasion demanded, full of enthusiasm for a bigger and better Navy

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON (Continued)

Mrs. Claude Leigh, in a red velvet, chinchilla-trimmed coat, was another outstandingly well-dressed "well-known"; Mrs. Gerard d'Erlanger was with the Portarlingtons; Mr. and Mrs. Musker were there with each other.

A Gentleman in a Kilt

OUR favourite film star, Merle Oberon, spent almost her last week-end at Mr. Cecil Beaton's house in Wiltshire. Wincanton races and a local polo ball occurred just at the right moment to amuse his guests, who included Lady Daphne and Mr. Whitney Straight, Mr. John Sutro, and the two sisters of the host, Lady Smiley and Mrs. Alec Hambro, complete with husbands.

The polo ball provided an excuse to wear some extraordinary clothes, we hear, one gentleman appearing in a kilt and several others in pink coats. Merle Oberon sails for Hollywood this week, to all our sorrow.

Fittings and Fillings

THERE is an enjoyable boom in the dressmaking trade in the West End. In Bruton Street of an afternoon crowds of curious and interested women congregate to catch a glimpse of the Lady Alice arriving to try on her trousseau. Another shop in the same vicinity opened new premises a few weeks ago; and just what a spray of white flowers in the window, a pale blue background within, and a few stars of the social and film world among their clientèle has meant to that shop is unbelievable.

The Little Season is also the time when women fill in supposedly quiet days with visits to the dentist, and what with their fittings and fillings, smart Mayfairites have not a moment to spare.

Full of Charm

WE missed, unfortunately, the party given by Miss Nell St. John Montague and Mrs. Littlejohn Cook in Bruton Street last Tuesday. It was a cocktail-party on a grand scale, with dancing, a mannequin parade, and all sorts of fascinating Russian eatables. Major and Mrs. Jack Paget were there—she is French, grey-haired, and full of charm. Her eldest daughter married Guy Carleton last year. Ann, the younger, is not yet out. Meanwhile, Mrs. Paget is engaged in chaperoning her attractive orphan nieces, the Paget twins. They are alike as two peas, small and chic, with piquant little faces and an amusing dress-sense.

You Enter Romantically

ONE of the nicest places to dine or lunch in is the ladies' annexe of Buck's Club. You enter romantically, through a flower-shop, to find yourself in a small, low room, built effectively and attractively on very modern designs.

We encountered a large party there the other evening, dining unchanged and probably on their way to a cinema. Mr. and Mrs. "Bill" Allen were in this party (you all remember her as the Marquise de Casa Maury), and Penelope Dudley Ward, who is really lovely, with an exquisite, fragile beauty that no film camera can do justice to. Lord Charles Cavendish was also there with his brother-in-law, Mr. Henry Hunloke.

Goings-Out

SEEN around last week, lunching, dining and supping: Prince Paul of Greece at the "undressed" end of Quaglino's one night; Mrs. Anthony Eden, looking very handsome in black, lunching at Prunier's; Mr. Frank Rediker, American owner of a marvellous car, who sends his women friends such wonderful flowers, leaving the New Viking bar at the May Fair; Mrs. McAdoo, a pale, dark, smart American, all in white lace, at the Café de Paris; another smart American, Mrs. Dupont, who backed Near Relation for the Cesarewitch because she was lunching with her future mother-in-law and the name seemed suitable!

MISS PEEPS

Marrieds of 1935 at the Newmarket Sales

Lord and Lady Londesborough were married just over a month ago; Lady Londesborough was Marigold Lubbock. They share the Blankney Mastership between them. The Frank Furlongs have been also married about a month; he was the Grand National winner this year, and she was Pamela Kingsmill, and is Mrs. Redmond McGrath's daughter

Princess Alphonse de Chimay was vice-president of the Battersea General Hospital Ball last week, to which Lady Alice Scott went. She is Lord Ernest Hamilton's elder daughter, a cousin of the Duke of Abercorn, married Prince Alphonse de Chimay in 1922, and has one daughter, who was born two years ago. Her husband used to be in the Scots Guards. Lady Buchanan-Jardine is her younger sister, and very like her; both of them are the tall, willowy type that goes perfectly with this sort of Empire-ish dress

Fayer of Vienna, Dorland House

Princess Alphonse de Chimay

Decorates the Nineteen-Thirties in Empire Style

Paula Wessely as a Viennese Art Student

"Episode"

Paula Wessely in the Film that Won Her the Volpi Cup at Venice

"EPISODE," which starts its run at the Academy on Friday, was written and directed by Walter Reisch, who wrote "Maskerade." It is also about Vienna, but the mad, bewildered Vienna of the inflation days, when everyone lived as they could, and no one dared think of to-morrow. Paula Wessely's performance as the art student who finds herself penniless and with a mother to support, won her the much-coveted Volpi Cup, awarded at the Venice International Exhibition for the world's best screen performance of 1935. She was well known as a stage actress but had done no screen work before she played lead in "Maskerade," which made her name as a film star

Torresani, the art-collector who takes the penniless art student under his protection, is played by Otto Tressler

Carl Ludwig Diehl plays Kinz, tutor to Torresani's sons, who falls in love with his employer's friend (Paula Wessely)

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

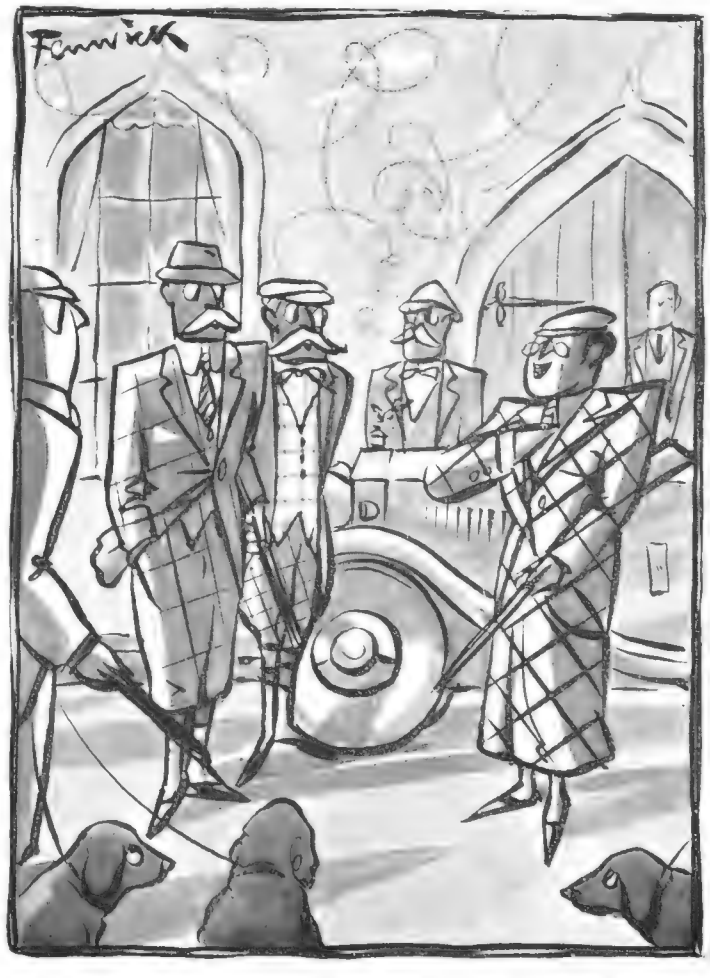
FIRST prize for the most romantic idea of the month goes to the Milk Marketing Board, whose publicity show in the foyer of Charing Cross Underground Station included two live Jersey cows, Mary and Jane, tethered in aluminium stalls, chewing industriously and regarding the populace with liquid, dubious eyes. The idea, we imagine, was to suggest to the populace that its morning milk is connected in some way with cows; a fragrant, old-world association, dimly connected in the average Londoner's mind with folk-dancing and smocks and hey nonny nonny. It was pretty, but we don't think many onlookers took it seriously. The whole thing looked a bit far-fetched and phoney, as they say in Hollywood—rather like exhibiting a couple of silkworms in a modiste's salon. Everybody knows that the old-fashioned cow has very little to do with milk nowadays. If huge masses of whirling machinery had been shown instead, in the act of pasteurising and peptonising and sterilising and nodulising and skeltonising and gridulating and defibulating and rhizotomising and metagrobolidopoplicufrustomeliquantic-cyphylopophridizing the raw lactic material (called "minus Alpha"), which is still, to the shame of Modern Science, supplied in the first instance by graminiverous ruminants, it would have conveyed a lesson of some practical value.

Since the Milk Marketing Board preferred to go romantic with real cows, why didn't they have a real farmer standing by them? You know what a farmer looks like? Having to fill up 178 forms per day for various Government departments, he generally has staring eyeballs.

Sea-Change

A DARING step is being taken by the organisers of the forthcoming British Ballet season at the Lyric, Hammersmith. It seems they 're defying all the rules of Art by printing British names on their programme: Smith, Jones, Brown, Robinson in place of the usual Smitovna, Ionievna, Bronskova, and Robinski. This will give the ballet public a bit of a knock to begin with, no doubt, but they 'll get used to it—"on s'y accoutume," as the Marquise said about her husband's habit of lowing like a calf. Ourselves, we stubbornly maintain that Olga Toppelova looks more decorative on a ballet programme than Gertie Higginbotham, but we may be wrong.

The business world, on the other hand, is perfectly right to change Levinsky, Rosenblatt, and Grabinovitch into Howard, Montagu, and Cecil. There 's something about these stately old names which adds a further undefinable quality of security, tradition, and charm to the most attractive prospectus. But we 'll bet you 've never heard of the most interesting name-change in all the history of big business. An old Parisian man-about-town once told us about it. There was a famous director of the Variétés Theatre in the 'nineties whose battered straw hat was one of the sights of Paris all the year round. Everybody knew the great Samuel of the Variétés and his hat. His real name was Louveau, an ordinary Gallic and Aryan name enough. He changed it to Samuel in order to make a fortune in the theatre. Which—need one add?—he did.



"Of course, myself, I haf nevaire before shoot

Unnatural Voice Dept.

"TENORS," says Mr. Claude Aveling, late Registrar of the Royal College of Music, "are not exactly non-existent, but they have always been scarce, and I should think they are scarcer now than before." The critic Von Bülow, who said that broadly speaking tenors were a disease, would have been glad to hear this, we imagine; though at the same time Von Bülow might have wondered if Mr. Aveling had actually counted them all. What, e.g., about those who scurry back into the woodwork directly you flash a light on 'em? What about the situation in Wales, where every time you turn over a biggish stone about fifty natural tenors run to cover, clashing their mandibles and making a sort of throaty noise?

If there really are fewer tenors about, it must be because there are fewer pianos and consequently fewer of those ballads, all ending (as Rupert Brooke once noted) with "God." The future social historian of the English should carefully consult copies of the pre-war English drawing-room tenor ballad, a very curious type of composition. The singer, waxing from smug self-congratulation to a passionate splurge of erotico-religious frenzy, dealt invariably with the subject of his girl, whom his Creator had chosen personally for him alone. As he put this debatable fact on record the tenor's veins swelled, his face

"Did I have a good time, Ellis?"

turned a mottled purple, his voice rose to a shriek, and an agony of discomfort seized that percentage of his audience who privately deemed him a liar. If, moreover, his girl turned out to have passed away, the tenor's allegations concerning her present high status in Heaven postulated the most novel and surprising theology anyone could imagine. For some generations the English loved the ballad, swaying their drugged heads gently to the syrupy whine of the music, and tenors bred for the purpose on tenor-farms gave them unstinted rations of it. Now there is less and less demand for either, it seems. What people do with tenors knocking about "spare" we can't imagine, unless they have them made into burglar-alarms.

Bedside, Eh?

BLAND, suave, mellow, honey-sweet as a fashionable specialist of the 'nineties bending over a yooping duchess was Sir Kingsley Wood's address on the Ideal Doctor at the opening of Guy's medical schools for the new session. The Minister of Health briefly defined this paragon—a man of medicine, yet a man of the world. Admirable, we thought. But when Sir Kingsley indulged himself in a little fantasia on the magic of the soothing bedside manner, we were disappointed. The Minister of Health doesn't seem to know what 's going on in Harley Street. Hasn't he heard of the new school which is making a fortune by terrorist methods?

We mean it: terrorist. Instead of willowy grace and purring sympathy, a harsh roar of "What the hell 's wrong with *you*?" puts the wealthy patient on her mettle at once and thrills her with delicious fright. Then, quick and harsh and contemptuous, as from a Prussian sergeant-major with neuralgia, the commands are barked: "What? . . . No! Yes! . . . Shut up! Strip! Hurry *up*! Now breathe in! Out! In! Out! . . . Oh, my God! . . .Turn over! OVER, I SAID! What? Be quiet! . . . You *what*? Shut up! Now relax! RELAX, I SAID! Turn *over*! OVER, YOU DAMN FOOL! What? . . . Rubbish!" . . . and so forth, till the patient, sick with fear, and athrob with ecstasy, totters away to spread the darling specialist's fame among her moneyed friends. Don't tell us we 're romancing. We know a pioneer who 's making a big fortune. Rich women fawn and throng and lick his hands. No circus-trainer ever had such mastery. He socked a very rich neurotic female across the ear the other day in a spasm of exasperation. She at once wrote him a cheque for five hundred. The old bland milk-and-honey school of Harley Street are aghast, for this expert and a few followers are scooping everything. We do think a Minister of Health might keep more abreast of the times.

Wicked Wig

THE new high-road from Glasgow to Inverness passes through gloomy Glencoe, in Argyllshire, which formerly had only a desolate track running through it; and we 're doubting mightily if any fine new road can dispel any of the curse which hangs over Glencoe still, 250 years after the massacre of the McDonalds by order of Dutch William. Shepherds say that children's voices are often heard

"Two new recruits, sergeant"

wailing in the dusk of the glen, but they can never be traced. People talk very loosely—at London parties all too loosely—about the Willies. You don't know what the Willies are until you 've stood in Glencoe on a wild autumn evening, with black storm-clouds piling up over that savage defile and a dying sun wallowing in blood over the western sky. Excuse this fine writing. What we 're leading up to is that the actual villain of Glencoe is (as you probably know) a lawyer: Dalrymple of Stair, a very quiet, serious, idealistic, statesmanlike, intellectual, refined legal gentleman, author of the vilest cold-blooded treachery in Scots history. Robespierre was another of 'em. It 's odd what devilish things lawyers do. We mention it merely because they were praising each other, as usual, at a legal jamboree in London the other night, telling each other what sterling and tremendous fellows they were and how marvellous a privilege it is for ordinary rats like us to have people like them administering the Law, and so forth. You 've heard it all before. It 's a curious thing, being a lawyer.

"My God! What's that on Madam's head?"

Flor de Rêve

Those miniature mild Havanas, the size of a fat cigarette, with which, we hear, certain tobacco-importers hope to convert the women of these islands to cigar-smoking in the near future, seem to us the fore-doomed symbols of one more gallant lost cause. The average woman has no more palate for a good cigar than for a good wine. The only woman known to history who appreciated a cigar of really choice leaf was the novelist George Sand, who looked like a horse and has been compared by a modern French critic to a large cow full of ink. Savouring a whacking great three-and-sixpenny Havana she would fling herself with a crash on a sofa in her villa at Majorca while "Freddie" Chopin played his haunting mazurkas and the salt spray lashed the window-panes. It takes a really big girl to enjoy cigars, write enormous novels, and bully lovers of the calibre of Chopin and Alfred de Musset at once.

Another snag in the path of the cigar-manufacturers is the fact that women have no imagination. Just after the war—do you remember?—a tobacconist in Mayfair tried to launch dainty little jewelled pipes for women, with an artillery preparation of flattery and flafla and obsequious niff-naffery from the gossip-boys about Milady this and Milady that, Milady's latest and most amusing discovery, Milady screaming for her pretty new diamond-encrusted briar, and tralala, and tralala. It fell flat, Milady having no use for same, and we weren't surprised. The only women capable of serious pipe-smoking are old gipsies and old Irish peasants, whose vivid and often poetic conversation makes the chatter of the average Mayfair lovely sound like peas rattling in a bladder.

The Easy Path

Listening to a bit of very good practical advice broadcast by a Leader of Thought—he was of opinion that everybody in the world ought to be nicer and more kind to everybody else—we thought of that charming story of Marshal Joffre which you ought to hear again, and shall. Joffre was inspecting the cadets of St. Cyr one end of term. As each of the senior cadets' achievements for the term were recited, Papa Joffre approved with a word, added blandly, "Continuez, mon enfant" and moved one pace along. At length, at the end of the line, he came to a very nervous cadet belonging to a very old, very black Colonial family. There was a pause.

"Et vous, mon enfant?" asked Papa Joffre.

"Mon Maréchal," stammered the youth, losing his head, "je—je suis nègre."

"Continuez, mon enfant," said kindly Papa Joffre, patting him on the shoulder and passing on.

The Bystanders.

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 53.—Eric Linklater

In London, writing Scots abound—
In fact, so many can be found
That England's Press has turned of late
Into a Firth of Fo(u)rth Estate;
But Eric Linklater prefers
His native banks and braes and burrs
To Chelsea's Art-for-Art's-sake lairs
Or highbrow haunts round Bloomsbury's squares.

A hearty vigour marks all those
Excursions into verse and prose
Which have been published 'neath his name,
And subsequently won him fame.
His *Poet's Pub*—to mention one—
Is full of quiet, refreshing fun,
While *Juan in America*
We welcomed with a loud ha-ha!

But Caledonia, stern and wild,
Will ever be his dearest child;
He labours with a gallant crew
Of Scottish Nationalists who
In verse and prose give all they 've got
In preaching "Scotland for the Scot,"
And Southron folk can't bow *his* back—
They haven't got the Sasse(k)nack!

B. W.

• Second Thoughts on First Nights

Good and Bad

Innocent, young, and unsophisticated, Lilia (Grete Mosheim) nevertheless has the sinister shadow of her second self hovering near

"Two Share a Dwelling" (St. James's Theatre)

It is unfortunate that the two important foreign actresses who have recently appeared among us should have chosen plays in which each has a dual rôle. It inevitably invites the odium of comparison. In fairness to the newcomer, Grete Mosheim, let it be said at once that Lucie Mannheim, in *Nina*, has far greater scope. She plays two distinct characters, while in *Two Share a Dwelling* the part is that of dual personality, which is not as dual as it might be. Lilia spends her life either as a very bread-and-butter Miss or as a bad, glad girl. Her unscrupulous parents have found for her a rich and doting husband, Sir Randal Paige (Wyndham Goldie), and do not enlighten him as to her peculiarities.

Unfortunately, we see her almost entirely in her virtuous moments, in which she becomes intensely cloying. Only once do we catch her in one of her lapses into vice, and surely there is a bad break here? One always imagined that sufferers from the dual personality complex lived two completely detached lives, the good knowing nothing of the bad, and vice versa. But we see Lilia, on this occasion, taunting her husband with his affection for Janne Avebury (Dorothy Black), who belongs entirely to her other life!

The construction is poor, the characters wander on and off the stage for no better reason than the will of the author, who also hampers herself considerably by limiting the entire action to one scene—the house of Sir Randal Paige. The minor characters are trite and unconvincing, and it is sad to see an actress as good as Helen Haye in such a part as Mrs. Verrick. Ivan Sampson as the doctor friend who is deeply interested in psychological cases, manages to be impressive, and the part of Ellen, the tragically faithful maid, is well played by Margaret Withers.

One feels that Janne would have made Sir Randal a much more suitable wife than Lilia, and if only he had realised this in time, then the play need never have been written. Grete Mosheim deals competently with her difficult rôle, and she would have had a better chance of showing her versatility if the two phases of her character had been more clearly differentiated—also, the play would have been infinitely more interesting.

Sir Randal Paige (Wyndham Goldie) is a husband who, taking things all round, has a very unsatisfactory time of it

"Voilà! Les Dames" (Prince of Wales's Theatre)

Non-stop revue, with its "popular" prices and its come-and-go-as-you-please atmosphere, is about as good an answer to the talkies as the theatre has yet produced. The new revue at the Prince of Wales's Theatre has obviously been conceived to appeal primarily to the not-too-tired business-man who enjoys broad humour and has an appreciative eye for the female form, and in both these respects it is a very real success. Gillie (Hogsnorton) Potter, Edward Cooper, and Doris Hare—the last an excellent mimic—supply most of the humour, while the anatomical side is attended to by a bevy of ladies rather unkindly called "Petulant Pretties." That they are pretty I gladly agree, but even "apt Alliteration's artful aid" hardly justifies the inference that they are "peevishly impatient or irritable," which is how our dictionary defines the word!

Some of the scenas are remarkably artistic in design and production, and it is obvious that the management is out to give good value for money. For those who enjoy a few hours of brightness without brain-fag, this revue is definitely the goods.

Very dear friends of the bridegroom! Dr. Sutcliffe (Ivan Sampson) and Janne Avebury (Dorothy Black)

Sketches by Rouson

Right: a nasty piece of work, Mr. Charteris (Henry Hewitt) has a penchant for pistols, pornographic postcards, and blackmail

Ailne Philipps

Ballerina at Sadler's Wells

Ailne Philipps is a good "technician," with a strong, precise style; she has a commonsensical charm and humour of her own, and is at her very best in the sort of bright, impudent rôle that "Rendezvous" gives her. (Contradictorily, she reminds one absurdly but irresistibly of Queen Victoria.) She dances also in "Sylphides," "Giselle" (pas-de-deux in the first act), "Casse Noisette," among others. She was prima donna and choreographer with the Carl Rosa Opera Company before she came to the Vic-Wells, where she has been for several seasons. She is also assistant ballet-mistress to Ninette de Valois

In "Les Rendezvous"

It's one of the Vic-Wells most successful ballets—gay, light-hearted, and altogether delightful. The choreography is Frederick Ashton's to Auber's music, with décor and dresses by William Chappell

Photographs by Anthony

Shirley Temple — "Curly Top"

This little girl is a great trial and irritation to the pitiable few who are not her firm adorers. To those who are, she's the one and only, and for them "Curly Top," her new film (at the Tivoli), is just another lovely ray of sunshine. This time John Boles is the lonely man whose heart melts to little Shirley, and Rochelle Hudson is her big sister

• FILMS of the DAY

Poor Will!

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

It seems to me merely pedantic and to evince misconception of filmic processes and intentions to proffer serious criticism of Reinhardt's *Midsummer Night's Dream* as a Shakespearean play. To complain, as some critics have, that the dialogue has been unduly cut and the poetry mutilated, and to say at the same time that this experiment shows that the national poet does provide fit subject and matter for the screen is fractious and contradictory. It is contradictory, too, of the eternal critical plaint that there is too much dialogue in modern films and that stage plays do not lend themselves to direct translation to the screen.

Other men, other ways. Film directors might and may produce Shakespeare for the scholars, but Reinhardt could reply with "Cristina's" lover, "But I 'm not like that, and you knew it . . ." From him we expected a "spectacle," and we have got it.

His *Midsummer Night's Dream* film is simply—or, I should say, magnificently—a pantomime. Oberon becomes the Demon King, ebonised and scintillating, galloping through the forest on a black horse trailing clouds of darkness. Titania is a fairy queen of dryad type—miraculously fair, with floating hair and draperies. Puck is a veritable imp of mischief: a malicious and raucous conception, but I never liked the lad myself, and Mickey Rooney's acting is vivid and consistent.

The real acting surprise of the film is James Cagney's Bottom. He triumphs over all difficulties of diction, forgets, and makes us forget, his Bowery accent and his gunmen impersonations. If he is a little boisterous—well, it is rather a relief from gliding fairies, no matter how exquisitely photographed—and the photography *is* exquisite and a revelation of what can be done with the camera to impart real beauty to frankly fantastic effects.

If the similarity of Reinhardt's fairies is rather suggestive of the beauty chorus and they are a little woolly, seen gliding through glades at a distance, they are at least *as* fairy-like as those seen in more "serious" if no more ambitious interpretations.

The mortals are much less satisfactory, and the casting almost inept. The tangled affairs of the four lovers bewitched in Athenian wood are not only of very secondary importance to the fairy theme but, if we did not know the tale so well, confusing, owing to the "cutting" of the play. The most dignified, and possibly the most Shakespearean, actor in the film is Ian Hunter as Theseus.

But, as I said, this is not Shakespeare: it is simply a fantastical, spectacular exposition of cinematic effects by one of the greatest showmen of the day. Perhaps it is a pity that it was not described as a fantasy by Reinhardt founded on W. S.'s play rather than as a film *by* Shakespeare. Poor Will! How surprised he would be if he could know that still another curious activity has been attributed to him!

The film is too long, and, in spite of its sensational effects and the fact that the Christmas holidays are coming and children "believe in fairies" (?), I doubt if it will receive sufficient public support to repay the enormous sums that have been spent on it.

Rather will the crowds troop to *Top Hat*, the spring tide of Fred Astaire's and Ginger Rogers's success together as dancing partners. A youthful critic said after the trade show: "It 's really the same story, almost as good music, and even better dancing, as *Gay Divorce*, isn't it, Mummy?" And what more can be adduced in its favour, since *Gay Divorce* was the most successful song-and-dance show of its year? The dancing in *Top Hat* certainly is almost incredibly good of its kind. No two human beings could possibly produce greater agility and grace, and more perfect rhythm than Astaire and Rogers. Their wits, too, seem as lively as their legs, and there is Edward Everett Horton to keep the fun from flagging. A very bright and excellently produced show, with at least two song-and-dance numbers to set things humming in bathrooms and broadcasting stations.

Howard Coster

RENÉ CLAIR

Nowadays, according to a London Films questionnaire, at least two out of three cinema-goers register the name of a film's director. In René Clair's early days that wasn't so: he was one of the first directors whose names meant something to the great foolish public. "Sous les Toits de Paris," "Le Million," "À Nous la Liberté" were "René Clair films" first and foremost: what other director could say the same of himself within the first few years of his film career? For Clair only gave up journalism for the films in 1926, writing as well as directing his own pictures. This innovator, this founder of a school is now working for Korda in England; his first film here is "The Ghost Goes West," with Robert Donat, Jean Parker and Eugene Pallette playing lead

The Tide of Scaffolding Ebbs from the Bank's New Face

The Bank of England from the Stock Exchange

Steel Cranes Sweep the Sky Above th

UNDERNEATH the giant steel feathers that work of the Bank goes on—not undistu new superstructure that rises above the old o construction since 1928 and won't be finished for excavation, foundation-laying, building, has h Bank's daily business could be carried on Herbert Baker, R.A., and his associates, A. T. are responsible for the design, without and

Skyward with the Cranes

The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street Gets Herself a Fine New Bonnet

Photographs taken for the BYSTANDER *by John Everard*

Cellared Gold

eck the "Old Lady's" new bonnet, the
d, perhaps, but unceasingly. The vast
storied, windowless shell has been under
year or two yet. The work of demolition,
done section by section, so that the
as little dislocation as possible. Sir
cott and F. W. Troup, both F.R.I.B.A.'s,
thin, of this new landmark of the City

NICKNAMES

What Their

"BUNKER"

Mr. Arthur Vincent is polished American from the Favoured Four Thousand. Owns villa at Biarritz and has partnered the Prince at Chiberta. Been a grandfather for years. Looks thirty-five

"SMUTS"

Miss Gladys Sammut, in our opinion the most decorative of all British brunettes, has velvet eyes and no enemies

"PUFFIN"

Hon. Anthony Asquith takes films seriously and belongs to advanced intelligentsia. Adores mother, Lady Oxford. Squires her to premières and art shows

"CAT"

Lady Skipwith—London's loss, Hampshire's gain—was Cynthia Egerton-Leigh, featured post-war debutante. Always been called "Cat"—isn't one

"NIGS"

Inigo Brassey Freeman-Thomas, Viscount Ratendone, is a charmer. His second wife, like his first, is actor's daughter; his taste in dress divine

"CHITA"

The Duchess Fernan-Nuñez, née Mercédès Anchoreña, fascinating blonde South American, married one of Spain's best Dukes. Popular in Paris, London, St. Moritz, Biarritz and post-revolution Madrid

"POODLE"

Lady (Tresham) Lever, tall wife of a clever Jewish baronet and mother of progressive Vivienne Parker, who came out in '34. Was christened Frances

"JUMBO"

Left: Capt. R. L. Jolliffe is an old Blue and a leader of London's catering industry, a racehorse owner and jovial "chap." Launched the Lansdowne Restaurant this year

Right: Hon. Theodora Benson, authoress daughter of erudite Lord Charnwood, is dignified, handsome and original. Could not be less of a "Tootie" in every way

"TOOTIE"

OF NOTABLES

Friends Call Them

"LEX"

Right : Mr. Thomas Cooper, of the 4/7th D.G.s., is a dashed keen polo player and always in plump good humour

Left : Capt. A. C. Wilson's nickname sounds like a motor spirit. Its owner is spirited beau sabreur, turf type. Tailors' delight. Member of Buck's. Excellent fellow

"TUBBY"

"CHATO"

Señor Lorenzo Elizaga. Almost too handsome and alluring to be true. Married last year and went back to native Mexico. The Ritz Bar (Paris) and resorts pant for the native's return

"GOO-GOO"

Madame Gurtubay de Baschiera since her recent marriage, was wife of Merry del Val, the famous Ambassador's son. St. Moritz bobbers will never forget her so Spanish personality

"POP"

Mr. Reginald Purbrick, M.P., has a heart of gold, a comfortable income, a Liverpool constituency, a yacht, and lots of friends

"BO"

Major Harold Salter, of the S.E., gives and goes to a great many parties in young-middle-aged married sets. Has intelligent wife, infant son and a new house

"POOH"

Mrs. Carleton-Paget, formerly Winefred, seems to spend the whole year in a bathing suit and was brought up vegetarian. So pretty

"CHIFFON"

Right : Madame Constance Lejeune, the attractive French racehorse owner, started a stable here this year. Her O'Grady had bottom weight in Cambridgeshire

"TINY"

Left : Miss Eleanor Dennistoun Sword, slender, porcelain blonde, has mind of her own and many suitors. Photographs admirably and should cash in on it. Prefers home and mother in Grosvenor Street

PASSING SHOWMEN:

Familiar Figures in the London Scene

John Everard

No. 1. The Man with the Monkeys

New Zealand forwards well after the ball during their match against the South of Scotland at Mansfield Park, Hawick. The visitors were led until the last eight minutes of the game, when Gilbert kicked a fine penalty goal, to level the score at 8 points all, and Vorrath followed it up with an unconverted try, to bring the All Blacks home winners at 11 points to 8

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

"PRENDRE un air sévère, froncer le sourcil, faire les gros yeux sont de grotesques moyens d'intimidation . . ." I take this admirable sentiment from an excellent little book, *Bien Jouer au Rugby*, published in Paris, where I hope it has had a formidable sale. A philosophical little book it is, and to prove this I must quote again—

"Tu as tout fait ce que tu pouvais," remark the authors, "pour le triomphe de tes couleurs; ton équipe a perdu. Que tu en conçoives une certaine tristesse, cela s'explique, mais n'exagéres pas la portée de cette defaite. Que diable, tu n'as ni échoué à un examen, ni perdu ta situation!

"Une partie de cartes perdue t'empêche-t-elle de dormir? . . . Alors?"

Again admirable. Observe the drama. You have fair bust yourself, but your equip loses. Then the sadness which explains itself—a tear or two even—after that the rising tide of manhood to that resounding tocsin of a query—"Alors?"

ALMOST this book persuades me that we have misjudged our friends in France. They are excitable, perhaps, and apt to employ "de grotesques moyens d'intimidation," but have we given them a fair chance to prove that they are worthy opponents once more?

It is a nice problem. Wales would play France again to-morrow, I fancy, if other unions raised the ban.

On the English Union there are stalwarts who would not be averse to an experimental renewal of fixtures. Scotland and Ireland, however, stand out firmly, and there, for the time being, is an end of the matter.

I CONFESS that I have always considered the rupture with France a blessing in disguise. A pity, of course, and a source of bitterness, but it did relieve our representative fixture list very considerably.

There is so much representative football nowadays—county, Services, trial and international matches take our leading players away from their clubs for the better part of a season.

I am not going to ram home the old platitude about club football being the backbone of the game. We shall hear it often enough at Rugby dinners later in the year. But after a long course of All Black matches, I did chance to see a club game at the Old Deer Park the other Saturday, and very forcibly it reminded me that we are often inclined to take ourselves and our football far too seriously.

The contrast between the strenuously grim affairs in which the New Zealanders are engaged and this pleasantly casual Saturday afternoon's amusement, was extraordinary. Here the game began late, and nobody minded. The players were incorrectly numbered. The small crowd was mainly composed of their personal friends. There you have it—the essential friendliness which should characterise every game had not been stamped out of this match by the importance of the occasion. It was true Rugby football, and I think the contests we see at Murrayfield and Twickenham and Cardiff Arms Park are Rugby football distorted, thrown out of focus by an unnecessary magnifying glass.

I APOLOGISE for theorising at such length on a theme which, perhaps, seems remote and unsubstantial, but I feel it to be important. Every now and then we have to halt ourselves and adjust our perspective. What is this game of ours, after all? Our French friends have an answer—

"Rugby de match amical? Rugby de championnat? Non! non! . . . Rugby tout court! Joue le jeu!"

AFTER that, it is perhaps worth noting how much the ordinary club game differs from a representative match. It is, I think, largely a matter of speed. A club match, watched from the touch-line to an accompaniment of grunts and thuds and oaths from the embattled forwards, seems to be played in slow motion. There is a clumsiness about it, a ragged lethargy which is not evident in even the poorest of international encounters.

I fancy the difference is more apparent than real. Speed does vary, of course, but once more our perspective is apt to be treacherous. The closer you are to the players, the slower do they appear to be. A movement which seems fast and clear-cut when seen from the West Stand at Twickenham would look far more ordinary and confused from the touchline in the Old Deer Park.

FOR all that, how the uncommonly swift player does stand out in club football! H. Lind, for example, the London Scottish stand-off half, has quickness off the mark, both mentally and physically, and his opportunism is brilliant in the Saturday afternoon stuff. As an international stand-off half, though, his speed would be levelled up, and his individualist style of play would merely lead his centres into difficulties.

This raises a point of some interest. We are often inclined to praise a thrusting stand-off half without thinking of his centres, but watch him passing, see how his delay means that time after time as the ball reaches his centre an opponent arrives with it. It is fatally easy to have all the football shaken out of your centres for the sake of encouraging a spectacular but unconstructive stand-off half.

HERE one phase of the New Zealanders stand-off half theory deserves comment. Their first five-eighths, who stands close to the scrummage, is intended to draw the opposing back-row forwards, and occasionally to make the sudden straight break-through. This break-through is relatively unimportant, though, for his primary duty is to act as a bait to the defence. Then the second five-eighths is supposed to make the opening.

Rugby football, after all, is on the way to becoming an exact science. Only the personal equation upsets it. But there you have your players cancelling one another out in attack and defence until an opening is made, and an opening need only be a slit to be effective.

I still remember how C. J. Oliver, at centre, when the All Blacks played so well at Birkenhead, drew the opposing wing a step inwards, so that the All Black wing had a clear run for the line. Only a step, only a player off his balance, and the defence is broken.

A beautiful game, and a subtle one, but perhaps I am taking it too seriously again!

• PASSING SHOWMEN

No. 1. The Man with the Monkeys

LEON MOREST was sentimentalist enough to take to the streets with his fiddle and Jinny, the elder of his two monkeys, when the talkies threw him out of work, in spite of owning a violin worth £300. He's British, has a Belgian wife, lives at Barkingside in Essex, speaks four languages, served in the war, and has travelled the Continent. Was musical director of his own quintet for twelve years, broadcast for Debroy Somers from Luxembourg, once played under Saint-Saëns, is the only English ex-first violinist of the Ostend Kursaal. Boasts conversations with "many crowned heads and all the aristocracy of Mayfair . . ."

Round the Town

Faces Seen By Molly Bishop

Lady Berry

Above: Lady Berry Sir Gomer Berry's Dutch wife, was sketched one evening at the Ritz. She married him in 1931 as his second wife; she was formerly Mrs. Cornelius Dresselhuys

Miss Virginia Cherrill

A lunch-time sketch of the blonde film star from Chicago who goes around a lot to parties when she's not on the set. She has just finished her first English film, "Late Extra," and has started another called "The Village That Would Have a Murder." Her first big break was in the Chaplin film, "City Lights"

Extreme right: Lady Pearson, Sir Neville Pearson's mother, is the committee chairman for the Graphic Arts Ball on Nov. 13th at the Dorchester in aid of the Printers' Pensions Fund

Right: Mrs. Alan de Pass is another charity chairman; her event was the "Heart's Desire" première last week in aid of the Chelsea Depôt of the Personal Service League. Her husband used to be in the Grenadiers

Mrs. Alan de Pass

Lady (Arthur) Pearson

"Bystander" Short Story No. 8

A Penny for the Harp

By Oliver Onions

Drawn by Donia Nachshen

"You'd better push off before somebody's fetched that will give you a lift," she said pertly

UNTIL he began to play you would have said that Gwilym heavily overdressed the part. Very few musicians, you would have said, could live up to all that picturesqueness and be good performers too. It was not his long mane of hair and greying, straggling beard only; in his wide black hat, velvet jacket and loose-flowing collar, and especially when he turned his sunken, smouldering eyes on you, he might have been some wandering evangelist, something from a Passion Play, an artist's model, or even the artist himself, looking mutely up from the pavement by his empty cap. But let him take his instrument. . . .

The instrument was all of a piece with the romantic rest. No handle-turning for Gwilym, no sobbing accordion for ever catching its breath, no fiddle, not even the songs of the lakes and mountains of his own land. His was the gentle harp. A fiddle takes a lot of playing, but a harp is music in its very shape, and when that play-acting old ruffian Gwilym touched it with his fingers. . . .

He played it seated on a three-legged sketching stool, with the harp's baize cover folded over it for a cushion. The broad leather strap he carried it by was looped out of the way of the pedals at its base, and on its gilded Corinthian peak was a spare cloth cap for the pennies. And to show you whether or not Gwilym knew what he was about when he overdressed and overacted so, he played just in front of the larger house at the bottom of the street, not six feet away from the notice that told him in plain print that he must not do so. Now if a piano-organ or a piccolo had done that. . . .

For "Street Music Prohibited" the notice said, and it was affixed to the high railings under the laburnum tree at the gate. For further privacy the tenant of the house had also put boards behind the railings, hiding the garden within, so that the only background for Gwilym as he played was the laburnum, as yellow as his instrument, the spiked iron railings with the boards inside them, and the notice. But nowhere was there a notice to say that House Music was prohibited, and when Gwilym paused in his playing sometimes half-a-dozen varieties of it at once floated down from the open windows for him to disentangle as best he could—the soprano practising her scales; the earnest amateur at the piano, doggedly harking back again and again till the right notes were struck; a loud-speaker in the new block of flats raining down its National and Regional on good ground and stony alike; and in the window above that a gramophone-disc with its nasal bleat of love. And Gwilym would shake his mane and his eyes would flash for a moment, as if he thought of throwing a penny, not out of, but into one of the windows. Yet, for reasons of his own, he put up with the rivalry, and continued to play there.

IT happened that one evening a couple of summers ago Gwilym, with his cheek as close to the strings of his harp as if they had been another cheek, was a thousand miles away in dreams, while his fingers thrummed softly "The Bells of Aberdovey." So lost in abstraction was he that he did not appear to notice the presence of a man who descended from a limousine and stood with his hand in his trousers pocket as if he was feeling for a coin. He was a heavy, flushed, short-breathing, elderly man, with a light silk muffler like a stole about his throat and a bowler hat that sat on the thick folds at the back of his neck. His features, which were no more English than Gwilym's own, had a forceful, bullying sort of look, and he stood with his eyes fixed on Gwilym, waiting for Gwilym to look back at him. But Gwilym continued to gaze away into the distance and to caress the strings. Then the man spoke.

"Can't you read what it says just behind you?"

There were still a few more bars to the end of the air, and Gwilym did not hurry them, but his sad eyes seemed to say that as far as he, Gwilym, was concerned, no notice existed.

"Can't you hear me when I speak to you?"

The air ended, and Gwilym looked up.

"'Clychau' Aberdyfi,'" he said, as if he had been asked the tune's name.

"Can't a man get away from noise for a single minute of the day?"

Gwilym's eyes went round and up as "Home, James, and Don't Spare the Horses" broke suddenly from an upper window. They were full of sympathy, but he did not speak. The heavy man went on very patiently, seeing that he had the right and the law on his side.

"You can shut your eyes if you don't want to see a thing. You can run away from a bad smell. But I'm damned if you can go about all the time with cotton wool in your ears. As if I didn't get enough of it at the office! This is my house. This is where I come for a little peace and quiet."

Gwilym's mournful eyes were on the householder's face. . . .

"Yes. You are Mr. Isidore Strunsky? I am Mr. Gwilym Evans."

"It doesn't matter to me who you are. You see what that notice says. I take the trouble to put it up——"

"You will have heard speak of Blodwen Evans. Of the National Eisteddfod. Later she played the harp in London too. My mother she was."

"Blodwen Evans was your mother, was she? Well, she wasn't a bad player in her time, but that isn't what we're talking about. If one of you fellows is allowed to come, another does, and soon it's noise from one end of the street to the other. I won't have it. Don't let me see you here again," and tossing a penny into the cap Mr. Strunsky passed under the laburnum and through the gate.

It was not in the least surprising that the harpist should know the name of Isidore Strunsky, among other things Musical Director of the famous Rossignol Varieties. If there had been shown into Mr. Strunsky's West End office every musician who knew him by sight he would never have had a minute left for anything else. But he remembered Blodwen Evans. He remembered her in her steeple hat and apron and red-check shawlan bach and her handkerchief tied under her chin, seated at her harp and playing it like an angel. It was his mother this stroller, her son, had got his dressing-up from. Welsh, like those singing miners. They did pretty well for themselves, those fellows. But at the top of the seven or eight steps Mr. Strunsky paused. This he did partly to recover his breath, and partly because Gwilym, far from going away, had begun to play, very softly the serenade that is called "Mentra Gwen." And a harp plays its dewy notes not only on itself but on you, too, singling you out because you have sensibility, making its

A Penny for the Harp (Continued)

strings also the strings of your heart. Mr. Strunsky stood listening till they ceased to vibrate. Then he put his key into the lock.

He knew well enough why this fellow had planted himself at his very gate. It was to attract his attention. And he was welcome to a penny once in a while, but . . . a job? For a harpist, nowadays? There weren't any jobs going. Let him invent a xylophone ladder that played as he ran up and down it, and Isidore Strunsky might have talked to him. And it was always a penny that Strunsky threw into Gwilym Evans's cap, never more.

THIS was a couple of summers ago, and that year the London winter, as you will remember, was not a specially hard one. It was not too hard for Gwilym, who was tough and weathered. As for the notice that prohibited street music, it is remarkable how many of the Welsh, who boasted their culture while the Saes, their conqueror, was still killing his dinner with a bow and arrow, are unable to read. "Come as often and stay as long as you like" was the way Gwilym took to himself that notice. And now that Mr. Strunsky had got his grumble over he did not call the nearest policeman. But the winter was not kind to Mr. Strunsky. Winters never were. As the days became rawer his limousine would draw up, the chauffeur would get down and hold the door open, and out Mr. Strunsky would get, the chauffeur giving him a hand. He would then open the gate and help him up the steps, not leaving him till he got his breath again. And it was difficult, even for one so softly persistent as Gwilym, to stop a man who was being delivered at his door as carefully as if he had been a large and precious parcel and to ask him whether there was any likelihood of a job yet. Nor did he get a penny every time Mr. Strunsky passed in or out of his gate. Mr. Strunsky refused to be picketted like that. But one evening, pausing at his door and listening to the notes again, he changed his mind, and gave the penny to the chauffeur with a message. The message was that that old humbug on the pavement there could go to hell.

By the beginning of November the weather had become still less kind to Mr. Strunsky, and all at once, as it seemed to Gwilym, he and his limousine ceased to appear at the end of the day. Gwilym, beckoning to a maid who happened to be passing out of the gate, asked her whether Mr. Strunsky had gone away. He had. He had gone away to the South of France. Gwilym asked when he was expected back, but at that the maid remembered the board affixed to the railings. "You 'd better push off before somebody 's fetched that will give you a lift," she said pertly, and pushed off herself in the direction of the cinema. Being a woman and an underling she could not be expected to have as big and tolerant a heart as Mr. Strunsky had. Gwilym looked at her sorrowfully, shook out the baize cover he had been sitting on, drew it over his harp, and left the street to its own loud-speakers and gramophones. It was no good playing there with Mr. Strunsky away.

Doubtless you have seen Gwilym in one part of London or another. You may even have seen him that winter, in the little side-street by the Rossignol gallery entrance, playing "Clychau' Aberdyfi" to the queue, or outside a Chelsea public house, or at a certain corner of the Cromwell Road. There is no mistaking him when you see him. And yet you might be mistaken, for you will have seen only the artist's model in him, the velvet jacket and the sombre eyes, and none of the thoughts that made heavy his heart.

For Mr. Strunsky's removal of himself had left an aching gap in Gwilym's life. Wheezing and thick-voiced as he was, Gwilym would rather have been told to go to hell by him than have a shilling thrown him by anybody else. He was the sort to live and let live. Let him get his bark over and you found he had a heart of gold. You can have a deep affection for a man without having exchanged very many words with him, and Gwilym wondered whether Isidore Strunsky, away in the South of France, missed him too. Only let the place set him on his feet again. Gwilym pined for him to come back, and on the chance that he might come back at any moment continued from time to time to play his harp at the corner where the notice was that said that he must not.

MR. STRUNSKY did come back, but not till the following March. The limousine with the "G.B." on it drew up by the notice-board on a Monday afternoon. And Mr. Strunsky had not forgotten Gwilym, for though all he said was, "So you 're still hanging about, are you?" the harpist knew what he meant even better than he knew by the penny that Mr. Strunsky once more tossed into the cap that hung on the harp's uptilted peak like a nosebag. "Aren't you cold?"

"I can play in my woollen mittens, so good as without," Gwilym answered, and asked Mr. Strunsky whether he had come back better, but gathered that he might as well have stayed at home.

"Think I shall have to try and stick it out here next time," said Mr. Strunsky. "Got a job yet?" The last words meant plainly enough that however well the Musical Director wished Gwilym there was nothing he could do for him. But that didn't matter. Mr. Strunsky was back.

So the laburnum flowered again, and turned white, and drooped, and its leaves grew dull with summer. And Mr. Strunsky stood up to that English summer pretty well. One evening, after he had been helped up the steps, the chauffeur stopped to have a word with Gwilym.

"He 's all right for a bit yet. But you can have your South of France for me. Give me England."

"It 's that old ass-ma, isn't it?"

"You 've said it. But he couldn't die in this weather not if he tried. Tell you one thing, though. I 'm after another job in good time," and when he heard the chauffeur talk like that Gwilym didn't care whether he himself ever got another job or not.

Again Mr. Strunsky stopped to have a word with Gwilym. This time he had, in fact, quite a long conversation with him. He looked at the harp as if he hadn't noticed it before.

"Pleasant sort of thing, a harp," he said. "Doesn't worry you. Your mother 's dead, I suppose?"

"Been buried fifteen years. In Blaenau-Festiniog, my mother."

"Well, well. Nobody wants to live for ever. I 'm sure I don't. It would have been better for me if I 'd had an out-of-doors job like yours."

"Pity indeed that you went away last winter. Here it was hardly a winter at all, so mild. Might be again. You never know," said Gwilym.

"H'm. Plenty of berries coming on; look at that mountain-ash of mine," but Gwilym could not see the mountain-ash for the high boarding, and as if that had had anything to do with it Mr. Strunsky added, "Your mother was a very fine artist. Very fine. 'Night."

The ash berries grew red. Mr. Strunsky continued to go daily to his office, and about that time it happened that Gwilym himself was away in other parts of London for half a week. He was unpacking his harp on his return at the very moment the limousine drew up. But the youngish man who descended from it was a stranger, and as he was able to get up the steps without help or pause at the top to recover, Gwilym called the chauffeur with an agitated movement of his hand.

"Who was that one?"

"That 's Walters, his secretary. The guv'nor didn't go to the office to-day."

"Gone worse?" Gwilym asked quickly.

"That 's right. Won't be long before he 's playing one of those things of yours, if you ask me. Got a match on you?"

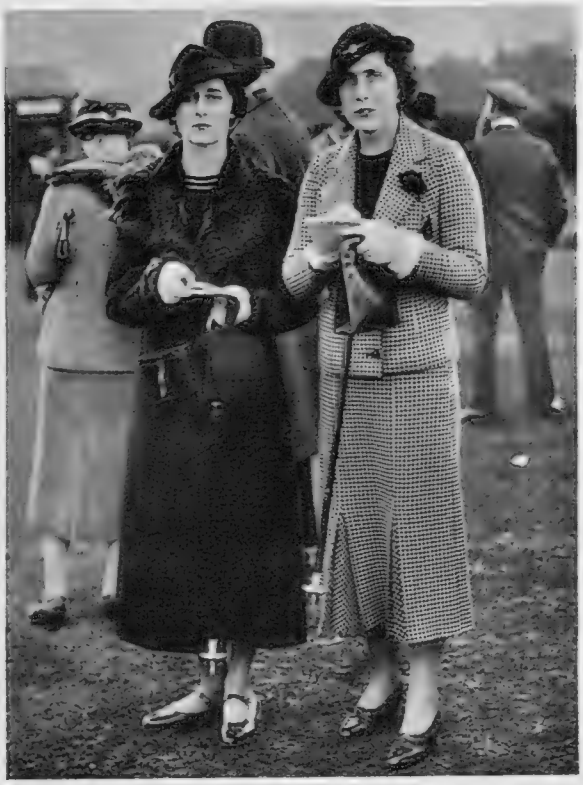
The weather continued mild enough, but Mr. Strunsky did not go to his office on the following day, either, nor on the day after that, nor on the day after that. He was not in bed, but he was keeping to the house, and there began to come out to Gwilym daily a cup of tea. And the maid who had told Gwilym to push off wasn't a bad sort after all, for she told Gwilym that the master liked the music; it passed the time, she said. No, he wasn't that much worse as far as she could tell, but having him in the house all day made a deal of extra work. Which was his room? That was it, and she pointed it out; so Gwilym, his eyes going from time to time to the window, played "The Bells of Aberdovey" again.

(Concluded on page viii)

"Your move, Bates!"

. . . And The Country

Apropos Horses, Shooting and Aeroplanes



Another local race meeting that draws its own crowd of regulars is Wincanton, and that 's where the two above, Miss Nina Hood and Miss Hersey Coke, were decorating the Somerset field

Above : Newmarket (Sales and Cesarewitch) absorbed the racing world a hundred per cent last week. Mrs. Peter Smith-Dorrien and Mrs. "Boy" Wilson were two of the feminine percentage who got up early for the Sales

Left : Mr. Benjamin Guinness and his son, Mr. Loel Guinness, M.P., were photographed at Heston. Loel Guinness, besides being a pilot in private life, is a Flying Officer in the A.A.F.

Left : Brig.-Gen. Sir Walter Maxwell-Scott of Abbotsford is talking to Lady Rachel Howard ; this was at the United Border Hunts Meeting at Kelso

Right : this Scottish view includes Lord Wharncliffe and Lady Georgina Hay when they were out shooting on Yester, Lord Tweeddale's place in East Lothian. Lady Georgina Hay is the host's younger daughter

A Mixed Bag from the Worplesdon Mixed Foursomes

By H. H. Harris

Diana Esmond looks on while Cyril Tolley, a shadow of his former self, seems "all at sea" dressed up as a sailor

Diana Fishwick was thoroughly delighted at the shots of her partner, Noel Layton

Clarrie Tiernan, who partnered Dr. D. S. Gordon, played some brilliant shots

Molly Gourlay always turned away her head when Tony Torrance was in trouble

Stuart Forsyth seemed very worried about his game

Most of the couples were well up to their necks in the Worplesdon rough

Mrs. M. L. Clarke was highly amused by the "sky-scrapers" of her partner, H. C. Longhurst

Enid Wilson and Lionel Munn generally had to wait for the opposition to play two more

The "Bystander's" Ladies' Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh and Roehampton (14th Year)

By Eleanor E. Helme

Miss Wanda Morgan (Rochester and Cobham Park) and Miss Doris Chambers (Wirral), the winners, with the runners-up, Miss Diana and Miss Lulu Esmond, whom they beat 3 and 1 in the final. Miss Morgan is the first reigning Open Champion to win the competition since Miss Wethered did so in 1923

DEAR BYSTANDER,

I WONDER if there has ever been a more popular win of the BYSTANDER Autumn Foursomes than this year? Taken from the golfing point of view, it is extraordinarily pleasant to have the reigning Open champion and an ex-Open champion partnership engraving their names on those cups; satisfactory to know that the short handicaps—these had only 2 between them—can come through; and though they had shaky moments, there were others when the shots they played were such as only champions keep in their bag. Taken from the personal point of view (if one may so dare), it is even more delightful. Our present Open champion makes friends wherever she goes, and is one of the very few golfers against whom nobody has ever one single word to say. "What a dear Miss Morgan is!" is the inevitable comment of strangers, adding, "Nobody would ever know she 's a champion—she 's so quiet about it all."

Then Miss Chambers. She spends so much time doing kind things for young and old golfers alike, all of whom owe her so much for work both in and out of the L.G.U., that everybody was enthusiastic that some more of the sweets of the golfing world ought to come her way. As somebody wrote me: "It was a little reward of her untold (and unheard-of) kindnesses." She pulled her full weight in the great shots, too, holed any number of crucial putts, and did not miss so many or such short ones by a very long way, as some of the daily Press alleged.

IT was great fun, too, seeing Miss Diana and Miss Lulu Esmond finalists again. I am not sure if they played better or not so well as when they won at Ranelagh five years ago, when Miss Lulu was still playing in the Girls' and so took everybody's breath away with gulps of surprise about youthful promise. But they numbered amongst their victims at least two couples who had been confidently picked as winners at one time or another — Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery and Mrs. Percy, and Miss Ferelith Low and Mlle. Nellie Wiener—and that alone made them worthy of much praise.

Chapter II.

As for the semi-finalists, Miss Joy Winn and Miss Sylvia Bailey, playing from 2, like the winners, showed what could be done by a pair who had never played together before and had not meant to this time, until Lady Eddis dropped out and Miss Bailey found she could drop in. And Mrs. Finlay and Miss Joannides, playing from 15 joint

Below: a study in concentration—Mrs. B. G. Kent and Mrs. I. M. Payne (Northwick Park), Mrs. Page and Miss O. B. Reeves (S. Herts), and Miss Regnart (Walton Heath) watching the play from the first tee

Above: Miss I. Dove and Mrs. Kellie, both of Coombe Wood, who lost in the third round to Miss M. Barton and Mrs. V. G. Davies. With them is Mrs. E. Hillman-Gray, of Fulwell

Mrs. R. V. Finlay (West Byfleet) and Miss Helen Joannides (Royal Wimbledon), who were put out in the semi-final by the Esmond sisters, who won by 4 and 3

Miss Karin Timberg and her sister, Mrs. Josephsson (Calcot) are seen on the left with Mrs. A. C. Mellor (Berks) and Mrs. John Fleming (Sunningdale), whom they beat in the first round. On the right are Miss J. and Miss M. Ratcliffe, of Mullion, by whom they were beaten 3 and 2 in the second round

Miss Joy Winn (Aldeburgh) and Miss Sylvia Bailey (Coombe Wood), who reached the semi-final, when they lost at the 21st

Miss K. Browne and Miss Birchenough, both of Royal Mid-Surrey, lost at the 19th hole to Miss O. Read, of Westgate, and Mrs. Fletcher, of Maidstone. The heavy rain that fell in the early stages made "something that won't spoil" a sartorial necessity

handicap, kept the flag flying very nobly on behalf of the vast majority of entries who have struggled a great many times together without winning. They have not the lowest of handicaps nor are they the youngest of golfers, but just excellent rank-and-file golfers, like so many others who make up the bulk of the entry for big events. Coupled with their names—forgive the formula; I must still be influenced by that extremely pleasant evening at the Forum Club!—are those of the Roehampton winners, Miss Townend and Mrs. Pritt, and the runners-up there, Mrs. Nigel Watson and Mrs. Leigh Williams; and the semi-finalists, Miss J. Cohen and Miss Windeler, Mrs. O'Neill Butler and Mrs. Currie. Of them, more anon. We must get back to Ranelagh, on the third day.

FIRST off, the holders, playing Mrs. Gallatly and Miss Gibbons level. I have always said, and shall go on saying, that nobody ever wins or runs-up in a championship without acquiring a little something the others haven't got. It may be overcast by want of practice, but in moments of necessity it flashes out again. Thus it was with Mrs. Gallatly, who was not Sylvia Marshall, runner-up in the Open of 1928, without learning how to run three shots into two once she was within two-score yards of the hole. She and Miss Gibbons did it persistently enough to get home on the last green, but they were beginning to wilt under the strain, and that afternoon could not stand before the Esmonds, who received two strokes and beat them by 2 and 1.

There was a champion, the Danish Open one, Miss Ferelith Low, doing her bit against the Esmonds in the morning, but her partner was not up to her form of the other rounds, and 2 and 1 was the Esmonds' reward. Miss Low's fiancé, Herr Widengren, is no golfer but a racing motorist: all the same, he must have appreciated the excellence of her pluck that morning, unavailing as it was.

If you are talking of pluck and fight, though, Mrs. Guedalla and Miss Regnart must not be left out of the reckoning; nor, above all, Mrs. Woollam and Mrs. Oldershaw, who made Miss Wilkins and Miss Plumpton play their best to beat them on the last green. It was a wonderful achievement

Left: Mrs. A. G. Gardner (Clifton and Bristol), with her partner, Miss Moss Blundell (Gog-Magog), whose violin is often heard on the air, followed by their victorious opponents, Miss Ferelith Low and Mlle. Weiner. Miss Low, who won the Danish Championship, recently announced her engagement to the well-known Swedish racing motorist, H. P. Widengren

From tee to dinner: the "Bystander" Foursomes dinner at the Forum Club was a very cheery affair, and Mrs. Conquest, the Chairman of the Sports Section, found Wanda Morgan a delightful neighbour

for the longer handicap pair, receiving only three strokes, to take the others to the last green, and only lose there because of threes at the seventeenth and eighteenth.

IN the afternoon the wind was even more outrageous than it had been in the morning, but otherwise conditions were good; turf had stood up amazingly to the trampling in the rain of the first two days, and Peters had every reason to be extraordinarily proud of his greens. The putts that went down were proof enough of excellence there. The most thrilling finish was Mrs. Finlay and Miss Joannides (receiving four strokes) at the twenty-first from Miss Barton and Mrs. Davies. Not for a long time shall I forget those putts of Mrs. Finlay's round a seemingly hopeless stymie at the twentieth and from about five feet at the twenty-first. Putting, of course, runs in the Finlay family.

Miss Morgan and Miss Chambers were taken to the sixteenth by Miss Hamilton and Miss Halsted, to whom they gave one stroke; Miss Winn and Miss Bailey won on the same green from Miss Wilkins and Miss Plumpton, and when you realise that there were twos from one or other at the last three holes of the match, you will agree that it was a crying shame, nothing less, that both sides could not win.

THAT was emphatically what one felt the next morning in the semi-final, when Miss Morgan and Miss Chambers beat Miss Winn and Miss Bailey at the twenty-first. Miss Winn's side turned three up, but the

Third-round opponents at Roehampton: Miss Rushbrooke, of Ashford Manor, and Mrs. Barden, of West Hill, with Mrs. H. F. Marsh, of Woodcote Park, and Mrs. Beevor, of Roehampton, to whom they gave two strokes, and lost by 4 and 3

Miss Beryl Ayling and Mrs. V. Bartlett, from Pollards Hill, with Mrs. de Haviland Hall and Mrs. W. S. Reid, of Coombe Wood, their first-round opponents at Roehampton. After a very close match, the latter pair won on the last green

Roehampton finalists who Ranelagh next year. In and Miss Townend, of Sund ponents, Mrs. Nigel Watson liams, of Roehampton, whom

Karin Timberg, who proved as adept at speaking on golf in Sweden as in winning its open Championship, and Enid Wilson found plenty to talk about during dinner at the Forum Club

match was square at the fourteenth, and some very good putting from the others took them home.

The Esmonds were out in 37, and always had Mrs. Finlay and Miss Joannides slightly in hand.

The same could not be said of the final. Miss Chambers and Miss Morgan started shakily; it was not till the Esmonds had been into the Beverley Brook at the tenth that the eventual winners looked safe, and even then they had still to hole an immense putt at the twelfth for a three, and others shorter but still more critical for twos at the sixteenth and seventeenth. The seventeenth, mind you, measures 245 yards. Miss Morgan drove the odds.

Then Miss Enid Wilson to give the cups and prizes away, and everyone wondering, sadly and sentimentally, whether they would ever play at Ranelagh again. I know nothing, neither does anybody, but I, for one, refuse to believe any such tragedy could ever occur as for that lovely, irreplaceable spot to disappear under bricks and mortar. There are plenty of kind friends ready to welcome Autumn Foursomes elsewhere, but Ranelagh is the place of our hearts. Nowhere else do the givers of odds have such good cause to pat themselves on the back, nor losers to find so many consolations. And the course, thanks to Mr. Muirhead and Peters, is better than it has been for years.

AND so to Roehampton, welcoming, wind-swept, results hanging in the balance just as at Ranelagh, with fighting as fierce. First of all, an apology. It was a sister of Miss Cohen who fought so grandly at Birkdale, not Miss J. Cohen, who survived to the semi-final at Roehampton. Very well Miss J. kept up the family tradition, though. They only had one stroke from Mrs. Marsh and Mrs. Beevor in the fourth round, and won 4 and 3. They had to give one to Mrs. Bowen and Mrs. Anson in the fifth and won by 7 and 5. In the semi-final, though two down at the turn to Miss Townend and Mrs. Pritt, they got back the match to square, and died, fighting to the last, by 2 and 1.

Mrs. Pritt and Miss Townend, making their first attempt on Roehampton, had, perhaps, their greatest triumph of the week on the Thursday afternoon, when they gave two strokes to the favourites, Mrs. Mills and Lady Brecknock, and won on the last green; but their win from Miss Cohen's side, to which they gave two strokes, was another feather, and so was their final, for they were giving three strokes, and Mrs. Watson and Mrs. Leigh Williams have much local knowledge. To them, the day before, had fallen the task and the kudos for putting out Mrs. Black and her daughter, Mrs. Murray—no small feat, as they only received two strokes; and in the semi-final they made the most of the ill luck which seemed to weigh the scales against Mrs. O'Neill Butler and Mrs. Currie, and won by 5 and 3.

The final was square at the turn. The real turning-point was Mrs. Pritt's side's three at the twelfth, a long putt after a missed drive, so that they won a hole they had seemed likely to lose, and another three at the seventeenth finished an excellent match.

OF Worplesdon it is early days to speak, but I gravely doubt—we are all grave this year, Miss Wethered's absence having cast a slight but perceptible gloom over the proceedings so far—whether the whole long week will see anything finer than Miss Enid Wilson's and Lionel Munn's 37 for the first ten holes of their first-round match. Miss Pockett and Major Aitken did nobly to take them to the eighteenth in the next round. If they do not win the event, somebody else is going to play such golf as dreams are made of.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

Below: Mrs. Currie (on tee box) and Mrs. O'Neill Butler, also in trousers and the very latest neckwear, were in great form when they beat Miss Kidd, of Roehampton (left), and Miss Morton (Frinton) by 8 and 7. The winners, from Wentworth, survived to the semi-final round

Above: a third-round event: Mrs. K. B. Anderson, of West Hill, and Mrs. Marsden, of Cooden Beach, with Miss Collum, of Home Park, and Miss Caldwell, of Surbiton. Playing level, the latter pair won by 5 and 3

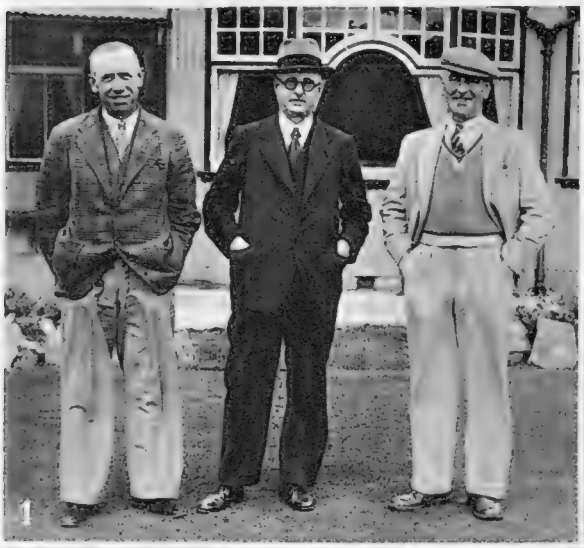
At Roehampton

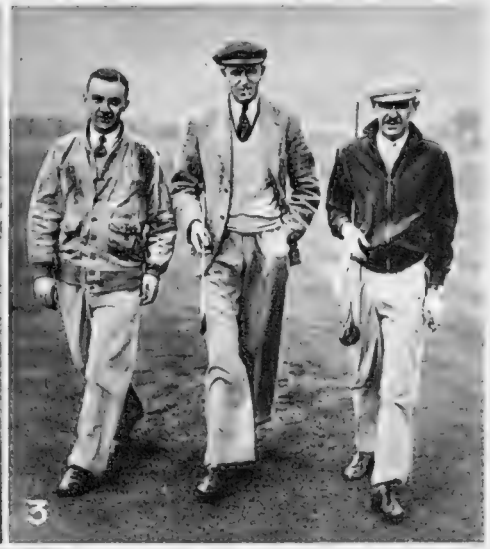
have thus qualified for the centre are Mrs. Pritt ridge Park, with their op- (left) and Mrs. Leigh Wil- they defeated 3 and 1

North meets South in a first-round tussle at Roehampton. Mrs. Murtrie and Mrs. W. J. Horrocks, from Carlisle and Silloth, on the left and right of the group, are with Miss Barry and Mrs. Terry, of Stanmore. The Northern pair won by 3 and 2

Competitors in a match which went to the last green before a decision was finally reached. On the left are Mrs. Manisty and Mrs. Palmer, of Camberley Heath, with Mrs. F. R. Reading and Mrs. Fuller, the Malden pair, who proved victorious

A View of the Club-house





Golf Clubs At Home

Llandudno (Maesdu) Golf Club, Llandudno

(1) F. G. Davies (captain), J. G. Rowlands (chairman), and T. Jones (professional). (2) F. W. Williams (ex-captain) and R. J. Williams (hon. treasurer). (3) T. Taylor, F. Evans and H. Boase (vice-captain). (4) A. Wright and J. Hughes-Jones. (5) F. F. Crossley, A. Duxbury and N. H. Atkinson. (6) J. Kendrick and L. E. Oliver. (7) W. Wylie and W. G. Jones. (8) A. Nevitt, R. K. V. Rogerson and E. B. Hammond

Shaw Wildman

PLUS 4

PLUS 1	Bracken brown trouser skirt	4 gns.
PLUS 2	Natural suède jacket	6½ gns.
PLUS 3	Shallow crown felt hat	39/6
PLUS 4	St. Andrew golf gloves with cape skin on left palm for grip . .	12/9

FORTNUM AND MASON

PICCADILLY LONDON REGENT 8040

Fortnum & Mason Ltd. 181 Piccadilly London

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

The Autumn Flood: By A. G. Macdonell

THE autumn rush of books is in full swing and there is no visible slackening of the annual stampede. But though the books come pouring in, the space at the reviewer's disposal remains pretty much the same, and that puts him in a difficulty. For the next few weeks, while the rush continues, I propose to do the same as I did when the spring-tide was flowing, and review seven or eight books a week instead of the usual four. It follows, of course, that the notices will be proportionately shorter.

THE first on my list is the truly magnificent volume which comes from Messrs. Faber and Faber—the Duke of Portland's *Memories of Racing and Hunting* (25*s*.). It is like a breath of the life of the real old England, of the land where there were no motors and great concrete roads, when the horse and the dog were the two great passions of rich and poor, of high and low. Great names abound on every page, great horses and great races are brought to life again, great runs of ancient days remembered. Fred Archer and Morny Cannon ride their races again, and Tom Firr is out hunting the Quorn, and St. Simon, peer of Ormonde himself, trots in the park at Welbeck, and John Porter is training classic winners at Kingsclere. What memories of halcyon days this book conjures up! It is a wonderful picture, simply and quietly drawn, of a period of English history that will never come again. The illustrations and the general get-up of the book are on a level with the rest.

MR. RALPH STRAUS, that versatile writer, has evolved an entirely new type of detective-story, and surely in these days that in itself is a remarkable feat. There are no sensational murders or hold-ups or intricate alibis or brilliant amateurs in *Five Men Go to Prison* (Chapman and Hall; 8*s*. 6*d*.). It is the story of the theft of a safe, containing at the most a couple of hundred pounds, from a South London office. This is a trivial, dull matter, you say to yourself. Don't you believe it. Mr. Straus has made a fascinating book out of this unpromising material, by telling the story, step by step, from the point of view of the police. He begins with the reporting of the theft and ends with the sentence of hard labour on the last of the five men who have been rounded up, with infinite pains, by the police. Mr. Straus has done a notable achievement, for he holds your rapt attention throughout 400 pages.

PROFESSOR LEACOCK is a good man for the writing of a book on *Humour* (Bodley Head; 7*s*. 6*d*.), and on the whole he makes a skilful job of it. Of course, it is a very hard thing to do, as each man has his own idea of a joke, and probably Professor Leacock does it as well as his neighbour. But I confess to some surprise at a book on humour which does not attempt to analyse the effects produced by Mr. P. G. Wodehouse, but which finds space to devote thirteen pages to the new science of investigating the Holmes-Watson epic.

MR. GEORGE SLOCOMBE, historian, traveller, novelist, and journalist, has written a full-length biography of the immortal John of Austria, who led the last of the Crusades and smashed the

F. V. Morley

His new adventure novel, "War Paint," is a most exciting tale of the old fur traders in what is now British Columbia. It is published by Faber and Faber, the well-known publishing firm, of which he is one of the directors

Turkish fleet to fragments in 1571 at the great battle of Lepanto. The strange, brilliant, romantic story is told in *Don John of Austria* (Nicholson and Watson; 15*s*.), and it reads like the most exciting of historical novels. Don John was the illegitimate son of the Emperor Charles V., and so half-brother of the Armada Philip, and his good looks and his debonair skill with weapons contrasted from an early age with the gloomy, vacillating, narrow-minded King. At twenty-one John was Captain-General of the Sea, and at twenty-three he was appointed to the Royal Army in the Morisco insurrection. His successes were so dashing and so popular in Rome that the Pope recognised in this brilliant youth the natural leader of his Holy Alliance against the Turks. Mr. Slocombe has done his job extraordinarily well, and my only complaint is that sometimes his subject seems to inspire his pen to over-rich adjectives!

IT was a common saying in pre-war Fleet Street, I am told, that no atrocities could be perpetrated by white men against black in any part of the world without Henry Nevinson getting the truth about them and John Harris getting photographs of them. Mr. Nevinson has skimmed the cream of his three volumes of reminiscence and published it in one volume, *Fire of Life* (Gollancz; 8*s*. 6*d*.). It is the record of a career in which the fire of life burned high and steadfastly. There has been no just and humane cause for which he has not fought, and no danger from which he has recoiled. His monument will be the good which he has wrought in the world.

ANOTHER Gollancz book (and dressed in a gay purple instead of the usual sombre black in which this firm is apt to dress its infants) is a book of essays by Miss Rose Macaulay called *Personal Pleasures* (7*s*. 6*d*.). As Miss Macaulay's admirers might well expect, these essays are full of a wide and deep learning, jauntily befrilled and beribboned with gay wit and an infinite humanity. This is a perfect book for the shelf in the spare bedroom, for it will always open at a page of wisdom tempered—and how few of our great ones ever temper their wisdom?—with a little fun and kindliness.

"I WALKED BY NIGHT" (Nicholson and Watson; 15*s*.) is more or less the autobiography of an ancient Norfolk poacher, edited by Miss Lilias Rider Haggard. It is a strange and interesting piece of social history, and it tells of queer things and customs and manners that have been long ago forgotten. It is really a picture of rural England as seen from exactly the other end of the scale from the Duke of Portland. And yet there is as much romance and glamour about this old philosopher with his lore and his courage and his craftsmanship, as there is in the breeding of St. Simon or the great days with the Belvoir.

"SINGAPORE PATROL" (Harrap; 8*s*. 6*d*.) is Mr. Alec Dixon's description of his life as a detective in Malaya. Many of the tales he tells are exciting, and I should imagine that few places are more capable of providing excitement than the criminal quarters of Singapore. As Mr. Dixon says, "it was a gunman's paradise." So far as I'm concerned, Mr. Dixon may keep it.

The BYSTANDER is delighted to inform its readers that Mr. A. G. Macdonell's new book, *A Visit to America* (Macmillan; 7*s*. 6*d*.), appeared on October 18th, but regrets that, for obvious reasons, no review of it can appear on this page. This record of a three-months' tour of the United States contains a description neither of Niagara nor of the Grand Cañon, but that is not the only reason for reading it.—ED.

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . . by Elizabeth

Every woman will need a new coat this winter, as last year's silhouette has been completely revolutionised. Instead of long, straight lines, the waist is accentuated and the skirt flared at the hem. Sleeves are voluminous, and heavily trimmed with flat-haired fur. Collars are important, and frequently turn into capes. The model above, which may be seen at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, is a charming example of the new silhouette. It is carried out in black duvetyn with a double Toby collar enriched with Persian lamb. This forms a yoke across the back, and is continued down the sleeves. A black felt hat from the same firm, with a becoming side veil, completes the scheme. The lavish use of fur trimming this season is a new note. The skins are frequently dyed to match the material as in the case of green moleskin and blue ermine. Beaver, nutria, and cross-fox are smart with tweeds

A Trio of Warm Jumpers in Cashmere and Ribbed Wool

Simple tailored lines describes the new autumn pullovers, while colours are lovelier than ever, and contrasts more startling. The three pictured on this page may be seen at Burberry's in the Haymarket. Stone-coloured wool makes the jumper immediately above, which is hand-knitted and enlivened by a brown scarf, belt and cuffs speckled with stone. Next to it is a cashmere shirt with ribbed collar and cuffs, contrasting velour buttons and stitched pleats back and front. The pullover below is perfectly plain, and excellent for winter sports, golf, etc. It is ribbed all the way up, with a rounded collar and neat shoulders. The price is 32s. 6d., and it is made in several becoming colours. A special feature is made of silk mufflers and wool scarves, in a variety of colours and designs, from 9s. 6d. Then there are delightful cardigans with jumpers to match, also hand-made gloves which, though washable, only cost 12s. 6d.

Photos by Lenare

PRE-PARTY RECIPE

for transforming jaded Lady into glamorous Jade

ONE BOTTLE OF MUSCLE RESTORER to lift lazy muscles, 4/6, 8/-.

ONE CHIN STRAP to discipline contours back to youth, 6/6.

ONE JAR OF SKIN FOOD for the purposes of de-wrinkling and to feed hungry tissues, 4/-, 7/6.

ONE BOTTLE OF CLEANSING LOTION to remove soiled make-up, before you begin the treatment, 4/-, 7/6.

ONE BOTTLE OF EYE LOTION to soothe away headache and make your eyes clear and bright, 3/6, 6/6.

ALWAYS rest before you dress for your party and give Cyclax these few brief moments to put your face in order. You will arise bright-eyed, clear skinned and optimistic.

cyclax

Remember Lilian Mayle invites you to write to her at the salon for her "Six Lessons in Loveliness." One comes to you every day for a week post free in a plain envelope.

All preparations obtainable at the best shops throughout the Empire (except Canada). London Salon, 58, South Molton Street, W.1. Telephone Mayfair 0054-5.

THE BYSTANDER TWINS IN SEARCH OF NOVELTIES

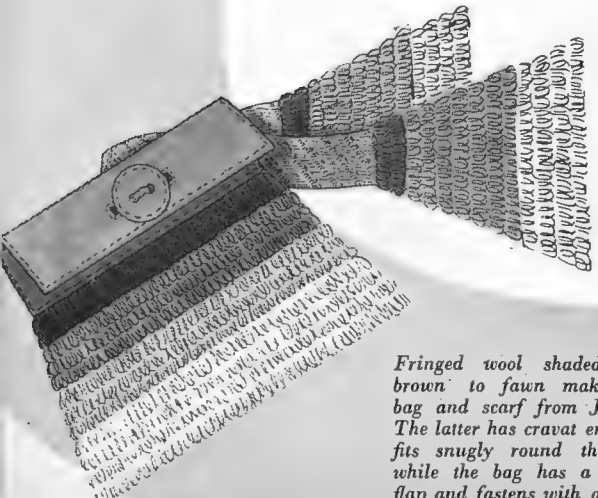
discovered by peta; pictured by pam.

There are many variations in the way of hair ornaments. Above is a halo made in silver lace and accompanied by a detachable posy of flowers. Next to it is a wreath of silver leaves for 7s. 11d. These may be seen at Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, together with the spray of white satin lilies

Wide belts are very fashionable, especially with evening frocks. This one is designed by Jaeger, 204, Regent Street, and carried out in black velvet with a gold kid fastening. The buttonhole which accompanies it is also in black and gold

A military air distinguishes this becoming and original hat from Dickins and Jones. It is made in black panne with a peaked brim and diminutive eye veil which ties in a bow at the side

Here is a delightfully youthful blouse from Walpole's, 89, New Bond Street. It is expressed in white crêpe de Chine, and has short sleeves. A cluster of openwork leaves softens the demure turn-down collar



Fringed wool shaded from brown to fawn makes this bag and scarf from Jaeger's. The latter has cravat ends and fits snugly round the neck, while the bag has a leather flap and fastens with a button

Red and white is the colour scheme of this printed crêpe de Chine blouse, which may also be seen at Walpole's. It is worn tucked into the skirt, and has a softly falling jabot, while the price is only 27s. 6d.

With real enthusiasm

we say "TATTOO your lips!"

Imagine! Instead of coating your lips, you can now *stain* them . . . *tattoo* them . . . with a transparent, even, luscious colour that really stays all day . . . and that's fully as exciting as the adventurous South Seas from which this idea came.

Here's how you do it: apply TATTOO just like ordinary lipstick . . . let it set a moment . . . then wipe it off. And there are your lips, evenly, gorgeously, invitingly and lastingly red!

At the same time, TATTOO will actually make your lips thrillingly smooth and soft . . . and will *keep* them youthfully caressing. Yes, *actually*. You simply *must* try it.

4/6

Everywhere these TATTOO SELECTORS invite actual test on your own skin

FOUR STARTLING NEW SHADES

NO. 1 has an exciting orangish pink tint. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes. It is called " CORAL."

NO. 2 is our choice of them all. An exotic, new shade—brilliant, yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it. It is called " EXOTIC."

NO. 3 is a medium shade. A true, rich blood colour that will be an asset to any brunette. It is called " NATURAL."

NO. 4 is the type that changes colour when applied to the lips. Gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warm colour that is truly amazing. It is called "PASTEL."

TATTOO

DISTRIBUTORS: FASSETT & JOHNSON LTD., 86, Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.1. 'Phone: Clerkenwell 2336

L. Godsell and F. E. B. Moritz (West Hill), who were beaten by Capt. H. C. C. Tippet and R. Rutherford, of Royal Wimbledon, in the semi-final. They lost by 4 and 3

The winners of the London Amateur Foursomes: Capt. H. C. C. Tippet and R. Rutherford, of Royal Wimbledon, who defeated the Sunningdale pair in the final round over the Wentworth course

The runners-up, N. C. Selway and K. A. S. Morrice, of Sunningdale, who had played admirable golf up to the final round, when they struck an uncertain patch and lost to Royal Wimbledon by 3 and 2

The London Amateur Foursomes at Wentworth

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf: Incidents and Handicaps

In my article of October 9th there was a misprint, which I must correct; it was in the sentence which read "Jones always tricked the ball into the hole, instead of hitting it in." The word "tricked" should, of course, have read "trickled." It would be very nice if we could trick the ball into the hole, but I am afraid that if we discovered a method of doing so it would immediately incur the displeasure of Angus Hambro and his assistants.

An interesting point in the rules occurred a few days ago in a match at Mildenhall, the best inland course in the country. In a foursome, A and B at the fifth hole, which is one of the best short holes in the world, holed out apparently in 3 against 4 by C and D. After A had driven from the sixth tee, B, when about to play the second shot, discovered that they had played with a ball outside the match at the previous hole. This incident was freely discussed both by the players in other matches and the spectators, and, as usually occurs, very few were certain who had won the fifth hole. C and D had conceded the hole and had no redress after A had driven from the sixth tee. If the mistake had been discovered before A had played from the sixth tee, his side would have lost the hole, even if the mistake was not discovered until after each ball had been holed.

One method of playing a three-ball match is by the points-scoring system; 6 points are divided between the players at each hole, 4 go to the winner, and 2 to the second, if there is a tie for second place the players concerned get one point each, and if there is a tie for first place the players concerned take 3 points each. This is a good method of playing a three-ball match as it keeps the interest going for a longer time than in the three-ball match played in the ordinary way. This system of scoring, however, is likely to become very complicated if play takes place under handicap. In a match played a few days ago, under the points-scoring system, the result was as follows—and how, under these circumstances, the points are to be allocated, I, for one, am very doubtful. A holes in 4 and has to concede a stroke to B, who also holes in 4 and thus beats A; C takes five shots to the hole, and consequently loses it to A, but halves it with B, from whom he receives a stroke. We thus get this very complicated result: A loses to B, but wins from C; B wins from A, but only halves with C, whom A has beaten; C loses to A, and halves with B. How would you, if you were the referee, allocate the points? This difficulty can be easily got over if, when you play a three-ball match under the points-scoring system, the players requiring assistance are allowed to start a certain number of points up instead of receiving strokes.

The Open Mixed Medal Foursome Tournament, which is played at Wentworth usually on the Saturday before the Worplesdon Mixed Foursomes begin, is always an interesting competition; it is played over eighteen holes under handicap. The Challenge Cup for the winning man was presented by the Prince of Wales, who also presents each year a replica; similar prizes for the winning lady are presented by Princess Helena Victoria. This competition was inaugurated about five years ago by Miss Emily Loch, in aid of the Cottage Hospital, Englefield Green, which benefits considerably each year by it, and it was she who persuaded the distinguished donors to give the chief prizes. There are also prizes for the best scratch score, the best first nine holes and the best last nine holes (both under handicap), and a sealed prize; these prizes are presented by individual persons. The competition was won this year by Miss Betty Jeffcock (handicap 36) and A. H. K. Hamilton (handicap 2), whose names were not on the official list of entrants. It is really extraordinary how often players who are brought into a match or competition at the last moment put up performances which bring victory either to themselves or their side. Players who have been brought into the Universities' cricket teams at the very last moment, owing to the indisposition of other players, have on numerous occasions made centuries or won the match for their side by good bowling or wonderful catches.

This year Miss Heather Palmes, playing for Camberley Heath in place of Miss Molly Gourlay, won, or at least assisted to win, the London Ladies' Foursomes for her side. Miss Jeffcock and Hamilton were only permitted to play owing to the scratching of another pair, and then returned the very good card of 88 less 19; Miss Jeffcock, was not at all keen to play, and only did so because Hamilton had not got a partner.

We have very often heard how some players practise and train very hard for golf, but I am by no means sure whether it is better to train hard and practise than to live your normal life and play your normal golf. Miss Jeffcock most certainly did not do any special training; in fact, she had no intention of playing at all, until the night before the competition started, and had not played for six months previously. She would very likely be a really good player if she took the game seriously, but in a normal way she only plays about six rounds a year; and yet she comes out and wins from a field of 112 couples, and in spite of taking seven shots to the short seventeenth hole. In writing about the Kent Cob and the Bishop's Bowl, I pointed out how difficult it was for players of handicaps of scratch or better to win medal competitions against large fields. Scratch and plus players certainly have little chance in the Open Mixed Foursome Medal Competition at Wentworth, and I think that the handicaps cannot possibly be correct. It is, I am sure, the handicaps of the ladies and not of the men, which are at fault. It has been suggested, chiefly by women, that this competition should be played in two divisions, one over and the other under a certain combined handicap; but if the handicaps are correct there is no possible need to alter the present conditions of this competition, in which golfers of all handicaps can take part.

VAT 69

LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

THE WORLD OVER—

Quality Tells—

DISTILLED AND BOTTLED
IN SCOTLAND SINCE 1863 BY
Sanderson's

Willme

The Caterpillars! Leslie Irvin, inventor of the famous parachute that bears his name, investing Tom Campbell Black with a golden caterpillar, the emblem of the most exclusive club in the world. A member qualifies by jumping with an Irvin 'chute to save his life

Another Empire Air Route

By Charles Ward

Imperial Records

DURING the routine of every-day flying, there are occasions when Imperial Airways' pilots have to create records. One occurred quite recently, after minor damage to one of the "Hannibal" class at Entebbe. The liner could not go on to its destination, and therefore another of the "Atalanta" class, waiting at Kisumu to pick up its load, had to be flown back and make up for lost time. The pilot, Captain J. S. Sheppard, put in half a day's work by flying from Entebbe to Dodoma, a distance of more than 1000 miles; then he got up early the following morning to fly 1800 miles to Johannesburg, which was covered between 3 a.m. and 10.20 p.m., including all scheduled stops. This was a particularly fine piece of work, but it is not the most remarkable feat accomplished with the "Atalanta" liners. In March this year, one of these 'planes was flown 2075 miles in one day when making up time. There is quite a wide speed margin with all Imperial Airways' liners, and this is useful, not only to push ahead when delays have occurred somewhere else en route, but to maintain height, and therefore safety, should one of the four engines cause trouble.

Petrol Pumps in Central Africa

JUST as an army is reputed to march on its stomach, so an air liner flies on the fuel tanks; the success of air-route operation depends always on efficient ground service. In order to start the new Imperial route from Khartoum to Kano, in Nigeria, which involves crossing the southern Sahara, all landing-grounds must be equipped with petrol pumps, and Mr. W. K. Brett, of the Shell Company, is now on the job to see that all supplies are ready in time. He is flying a Percival "Gull," and has a rendezvous with a French colleague at Gao on November 2nd. Not many years ago, Timbuctu—incidentally, quite near Gao—was the place to which you consigned your enemies. It was supposed to be a sort of hell on earth, some place at the back of beyond, where the sun was relentless and no rain ever fell. The Sahara has given up most of its secrets to airmen, and next

(Continued on page vi)

MORRIS MOTORS LIMITED, COWLEY, OXFORD

No other Cigarette can so justly be said to meet the tastes of the great majority as Player's. Of course "It's the Tobacco that Counts," also in size, packing and all desirable features Player's predominate.
FROM EVERY POINT OF VIEW
PLAYER'S PLEASE
N.C.C.303A.

THE NEW LAST

—high-cut, round-toed, very smart . . .

A definitely new silhouette has arrived in daytime shoes. Harrods Shoe Salon presents it in models which cleverly combine sufficient length for comfort with the smart short line for style. Fine Suède is used for both models illustrated. Narrow ribbon trims the top one at 39/6, a suède bow the other, 59/6

Harrods

Harrods Ltd London SW1

Another Empire Air Route *(Continued from page iv)*

year Gao, Timbuctu, or any other of the oases in the great desert, may be the meeting-place for business men or a health resort for tourists. The "Gull," with a Gipsy Six, cruises at 150 m.p.h., and has an easy range of 500 miles with two up and luggage. In addition to normal equipment, Mr. Brett is carrying signalling apparatus, food, water, and a camera for making maps. The Shell Company, which gives service over a large mileage on the Empire routes, has found that supervision of its depots can be carried out most efficiently by air. In the case of the Sahara route, for instance, the journey which will occupy Mr. Brett for about six weeks would take at least a year by combination of flat feet, camels and tractors.

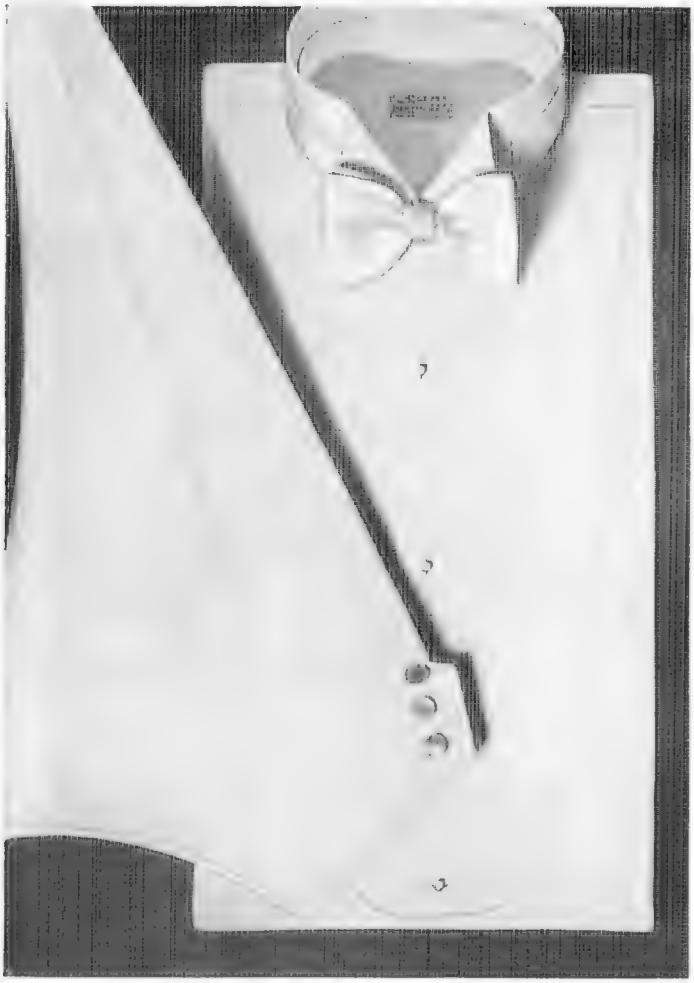
Flight-Lieut. Christopher Clarkson, one of our most experienced demonstration pilots, who has joined "Anglo" as aviation manager

Flying Club Gossip

ANOTHER South Atlantic flight is being planned, this time by Miss Jean Batten, who has been seen at Lympne with her new Gipsy Six "Gull." This is certainly a good machine for the journey, if you fancy crossing two thousand miles of ocean, flying quite alone. Captain Percival used the same type for his dash to Africa and back in a day. Lympne seems to have a particular attraction for ladies. I saw four other well-known women pilots on the tarmac last week, including Mrs. Battye, who was on tour with her Miles "Hawk." Did you know that Mr. Gilbert Miller, of the St. James's Theatre, and many others, had learned to fly? His figures-of-eight at Heston, described by the local chronicler as "impeccable gyrations," were completed ten days ago, and by now he should be in possession of the pilot's licence to commit figures of eight almost anywhere. Another pupil at Heston, Mr. J. P. Gorman, learned to fly in such a hurry that he had to return to the Sudan with his licence to follow by the next air mail. Air-taxis are still standing by at Heston to proceed to Abyssinia at a moment's notice—at the same time there are air-taxis in Abyssinia waiting to fly back to Heston. So far the war has not provided any excitement for British pilots. The Imperial air route, of course, passes some hundreds of miles west of the scene of hostilities.

At Hamble and Hanworth

IT is a notable fact that every student who has completed a full commercial course with Air Service Training has obtained a good post, and I believe it is no unusual tag in an advertisement to invite applications by Hamble graduates. During September twenty-seven ab initio pupils for the R.A.F. completed their course, five going to Cranwell for further training prior to permanent commissions, and the remainder to R.A.F. schools. Ten of the new civilian students who joined this term are taking the three-years' course; five are studying for their ground engineers' certificates, and one is on the wireless course. Now that winter is with us, the squash racquets courts, the gymnasium, and the rifle range are well patronised. An orchard has been demolished to provide space for further football and cricket pitches. There is a dinner-dance at Hanworth on Friday night next, October 25th, for which ticket applications should be made to the Secretary. At a price of 10*s.* 6*d.*, including a good dinner, with dancing till 2.30 in the morning, reinforced by an extension of the licence, the evening will be very good value.



LESS COST, LESS DELAY

The purchase of dress clothes that fitted exactly used to be a very slow and expensive business. It was agreed that the joint efforts of several experts were necessary to produce dress coat, trousers, white waistcoat, shirt front, sleeve length and collar size to co-ordinate precisely.

To-day, at Austin Reed's, the process is swift and inexpensive —for we have dress shirts with a choice of three sleeve lengths and three depths of front, white waistcoats made in three depths with elastic waist-bands, and collars made in quarter sizes—four sizes to every inch.

MARCELLA DRESS SHIRT	12/6
DRESS WAISTCOAT	16/6
DRESS TIE	2/6
SUMMIT COLLAR, SHAPE 28,	9d.

AUSTIN REED

OF REGENT STREET

14 Coventry Street, W.1 1 Kingsway, W.C.2 157a Cheapside, E.C.2
33 Oxford Street, W.1 189 Strand, W.C.2 Salisbury House, London Wall, E.C.2
135 Victoria Street, S.W.1 13 Fenchurch Street, E.C.3 5 St. Mary Axe, E.C.3
124 High Holborn, W.C.1 77 Cheapside, E.C.2 22 Walbrook, E.C.4

Glasgow · Birmingham · Manchester · Liverpool · Leeds · Sheffield · Belfast Bristol · Norwich · Oxford

AUSTIN REED LTD. LONDON P.5105A

FOR GOLF IN *The Wind & The Rain*

CORRECT CLOTHES THAT PROTECT IN COMFORT

The SUIT illustrated is in Navy or Grey Worsted Flannel . . . other colours to order.

COAT . . . 3½ Gns.
TROUSERS . . . 37/6

TROUSER SUITS—as designed and tailored by Lillywhites —are no longer regarded as a freak fashion of the few. On the contrary, they are being worn everywhere by discriminating Women Golfers who realise that—*PROPERLY CUT*—a Trouser Suit provides practical efficiency without sacrificing feminity in any way.

Write for ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES OF SPORTS CLOTHES FOR AUTUMN & WINTER—POST FREE ON REQUEST.

Lillywhites LTD

OF

Piccadilly Circus

Zotofoam baths are without question one of the century's wonderful discoveries. By gentle massage with micro-bubbles, they not only disperse superfluous fat, but by penetrating right into the pores of the skin, draw out poisonous deposits and uric acid. They are strongly recommended for the treatment of rheumatic conditions

Modern Aids to Beauty

Zotofoam for Health and Beauty

ZOTOFOAM has celebrated several birthdays, and is simplicity itself, as health-giving as sunshine, as refreshing as the dew. It has been recently installed at Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, where every comfort and attention is provided. The cost of a bath and friction is 15s. 6d.; or 1 guinea with extra medical massage. Special terms can, however, be arranged for a course of baths. Here is a description of what happens. Along the base of an ordinary bath is placed a series of specially prepared wood segments, in one complete unit, called the Distributor. The wood is of a unique nature, with infinitesimal cells as fine as the pores of the human skin. The bather rests on the Distributor, while a head- and back-rest are provided. Only a little warm water is required—about three to four inches—covering the Distributor; and to this is added a small tube of Zotofoam Extract, which is a pure vegetable compound, neutral in character. Connected to the Distributor is a neat cabinet containing the air-compressor, which forces air through the minute cells of the Distributor, and forms the foam.

Microscopic Bubbles

THE foam itself consists of a dense mass of glistening, snow-white micro-bubbles, buoyant with air, active, bursting, reforming, bursting again, and thrusting their explosive way right down into the pores of the skin, thereby releasing the accumulated poisonous deposits and clearing the system by a process of beneficent bombardment. The stimulating properties of a foam bath greatly relieve tiredness, insomnia, and general debility, while doctors recommend it for rheumatism, sciatica, and lumbago, as it provides a sure way of ridding the system of uric acid and other poisons. It is, of course, an ideal method of slimming, as it is absolutely harmless and entails no discomfort.

Autumn Fashion Parade

THE recent fashion parade at Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, met with great success. The use of rich materials, draped effects, and the tendency towards shorter skirts for day and cocktail wear, was stressed throughout the collection. Gold lamé was used for a beautiful dinner frock with a wide, jewelled belt and bishop sleeves, and again for a short cocktail frock designed for wearing under a coat. This was relieved with green.

A Penny for the Harp *(Continued from page 162)*

and "The Ash Grove," and "The Rising of the Lark." The secretary continued to come each evening, and sometimes in the morning, too, using Mr. Strunsky's car, and Gwilym, happening one day to remember "Peggy Who Lost her Garter," and the variations his mother had put to it that had always sounded to him like the rippling of a Welsh brook after rain, was homesick and lonely. In his picturesque person he sat by the boarded railings, in front of the notice that ought to have sent him away, but from the strings his fingers evoked the gleams on Bala Lake, or the heather of a Merionethshire hill, or the ribbon-grass Straits seen from Caernarvon foreshore. And according to *Who's Who*, Isidore Strunsky, among other things Musical Director of Rossignol Varieties, was born of a Jewish father and a Hungarian mother in the Hamburg ghetto, but had moved about so from capital to capital that he could hardly be said to have a country at all. So Gwilym, musing over his harp, lent him his. They say that God made a Welshman and God made a Jew, but God in His infinite mercy never made a Welsh Jew. No matter. Gwilym Evans, vagabond harpist and a good deal of a mountebank to look at, did his best to remedy that.

And now Gwilym knew a good deal of what went on in this house he had never entered. He knew when finally Mr. Strunsky took to his bed. He knew the hours at which the doctor was to be expected, and when the night-nurse went on duty, and the day-nurse took her turn in the air. And he was not playing in the hope of a job now, nor for cups of tea and pennies, but because Mr. Strunsky loved the harp too, and said that Blodwen Evans had been the finest performer on it who had ever lived. Without mittens, but warm with the music, he was playing "Good-bye to Thee, Cambria" on that January day when the secretary came as usual, but stayed longer than usual, too. Had Gwilym only known it, he was not there on business from the office, for Mr. Strunsky had finished with business from the office, and was saying good-bye, not to a secretary, but to Edward Walters, who had not once let him down all the time he had known him, and would now tide over for him till they found somebody else. And suddenly the door opened and the maid came down the steps and opened the gate and stood under the bare laburnum. Gwilym stopped his playing in the middle of a bar.

"The master says will you come in and go and see him upstairs."

With down-hung head Gwilym rose and followed her.

When Gwilym came out of the room again, ten minutes later, his hand held, not a penny, but one of Mr. Strunsky's cards. But what his heart held was the echo of a few struggling, scarcely audible words.

"Walters . . . secretary . . . might be able . . . see what can be done . . . go to him . . . tell him I said. . . ."

A harp is not a thing to leave on a street pavement to look after itself, and a few minutes later Gwilym came out again to fetch it in. They had been told to give him a meal in the kitchen, and while they made it ready he covered his harp up for the night. But in the middle of his supper he suddenly pushed his cup of cocoa away from him and sat very still, listening. His eyes were unseeingly on the objects of the kitchen walls, the rack of plates, the dish-covers, the canisters, the cups hanging by their handles. And other faces were turned to Gwilym's, for nobody else had heard anything.

But Gwilym knew minutes before the news reached the newspaper offices. He rose from his chair. He slipped the broad leather belt over his shoulder and reached for his wide black hat. Silently he went out. The forgotten slip of pasteboard lay where he had put it down, on the red-check tablecloth.

At one time they used to put straw down in the street opposite the house, to deaden the sound of hoofs and wheels. Seeing it, passers-by would have glanced up at the windows, and noises of any kind would have been prohibited. But it would have taken more than a load or two of straw to muffle the notes of Gwilym's harp when it mourned.

THE END

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON OCTOBER

Name { Mrs. / Miss } .....

Address .....

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN for the Proprietors, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LIMITED, by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LIMITED Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LIMITED, at 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1935.
Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

EXCLUSIVE STYLES IN KNITWEAR AT MODERATE PRICES

KNITWEAR DEPARTMENT
(GROUND FLOOR)

ATTRACTIVE FROCK in soft Jersey material. Soft gauging and velvet at neck and waist line makes the most becoming finish. Colours: wine, nigger, black, rust and most new shades. Price **8½ gns.**

1 gn. extra for special measurements.

A DRESS which is simple enough to wear under your coat for shopping but looks extremely attractive above a lunch or bridge table. Made in exquisite colours — Pervenche, wine, purple, nigger, navy and black. Price **6½ gns.**

Made to measurements from **1 gn. extra.**

CATALOGUE FREE. *A postcard will bring by return of post the new Catalogue*

JAY'S Ltd.

INCORPORATING THE INTERNATIONAL FUR STORE

REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1

GETTING MARRIED

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Kay Vaughan

Myrtle St. John

Is the daughter of the late Mrs. St. John, and the niece of Sir Charles and Lady Close, of Mayfield, Winchester; she is engaged to Dr. John Nixon Groves, the son of Dr. and Mrs. C. Nixon Groves, of 72, Bishop's Road, W.2

Pearl Freeman

Mary Stitt

Is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Stitt, of Pentlands, Blackheath Park, Blackheath, and is to marry Richard Phillips, the second son of the late Commander and Mrs. A. M. Phillips, of Weymouth

Douglas

Barbara Aronson

Is engaged to Graham Tempest Stone, the younger son of Col. L. G. Tempest Stone, C.M.G., C.B.E., and Mrs. Stone, of 22, Orsett Terrace, W.2; she is the twin daughter of Mr. and Mrs. V. R. Aronson, of 11, Ranelagh Avenue, S.W.3

Pearl Freeman

Eleanor Benn

Is the only daughter of Col. J. P. Benn, late 37th Lancers, and Mrs. Benn, of Mashora, Tekels Avenue, Camberley, and is to marry D. R. Skinner, Royal Tank Corps, only son of Col. R. B. Skinner, late Royal Engineers, and Mrs. Skinner, of Underdown, Camberley

Navana

Vivienne Camell

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Camell, of Calcutta and Queen's Gate Place, S.W.7, and has announced her engagement to Robert W. B. Purvis, the son of Major and Mrs. R. W. Purvis, of Gilmerton, Fife

Douglas

Constance Pierce

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Pierce, of Knowle Hill Cottage, Cobham, Surrey; she is engaged to John Edward Harvey, the son of the late Mr. K. E. Harvey, of London, and of Mrs. C. Bradbery, of Malaya

Pearl Freeman

Mary Fenwick

Is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. G. Fenwick, and of Mrs. Fenwick, of Kimbolton Lodge, Bedford, and is engaged to Harry Fergusson Wood, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Allan F. Wood, of Milton Ernest, Bedfordshire

Hay Wrightson

Joan Marsden

Is the only daughter of Major and Mrs. Howard Marsden, of Ingleton, Frensham, Surrey; she has announced her engagement to Andrew Le Grice, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Le Grice, whose home is at Trereife, Penzance

Lenare

Peggy Skipwith

Is engaged to Gordon Kenneth Luker Gourlay, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Gourlay, the White Lodge, Clandon, Surrey; she is the only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. J. W. Skipwith, of Broad Oak, Cranleigh, Surrey

Bertram Park

Hannah Watts-Jones

Is the younger daughter of the late Captain H. L. Watts-Jones, and of Mrs. Watts-Jones, of Cannon Hey, Windermere, and is to marry W. D. H. McCullough, the elder son of the Rev. William C. McCullough, of St. Margaret's Manse, Hawick

Navana

Margaret Hardcastle

Is the third daughter of the Archdeacon of Canterbury and the Hon. Mrs. Hardcastle, of the Precincts, Canterbury; she is engaged to Arvid Olsson, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Olsson, of Elbury, Addlestone, Surrey

Hay Wrightson

Katharine Watson

Is the daughter of the late Capt. R. H. Watson, and of Mrs. R. Hopkinson, of Grinston Gardens, Folkestone, and is to marry George Claudius Sandys Coode, R.E., the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Coode, of The Retreat, Hooe, near Plymouth

Hudson — Winter

Flight-Lieutenant Philip Ernest Hudson, Royal Air Force, and Josephine Betty Winter were married at All Souls' Church, Langham Place. The bride is the only daughter of the late Mr. J. L. Winter, of Dublin, and of Mrs. Keble, of Ewell, Surrey

Penn-Hughes — Guinness

Clifton Penn-Hughes, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Penn-Hughes, of Cartref, Weybridge, and Heather Seymour Guinness, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Seymour Guinness, of Hayes Grove, Hayes, Kent, were married at the Church of St. Clement Danes, Strand

Anderson — Swire

Frederick Le Hunte Anderson, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Anderson, of Standen Manor, Hungerford, Berks, and Gwendolen Swire, the only daughter of the Rev. Arthur Swire and Mrs. Swire, of Dalton Holm Rectory, Beverley, Yorks, were married at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton

Rogers — Corfield

Stanley Clive Rogers, North Staffordshire Regiment, the only son of Lieut.-Col. E. Rogers and Mrs. Rogers, of Torquay, and Mary Agnes Corfield, the only daughter of Col. F. A. Corfield and Mrs. Corfield, of Chatwell Hall, Leebotwood, were married at St. Eata's Church, Atcham

Doxford — Powell

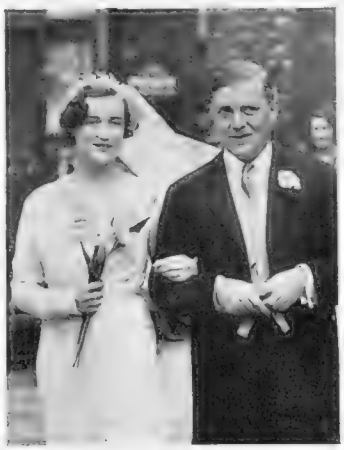
Edward Michael Doxford, The Green Howards, the younger son of the late Mr. Arthur Doxford, and of Mrs. Doxford, of The Grange, Carlton Miniott, Thirsk, and Kathleen Lucy Powell, only child of Colonel and Mrs. Robert M. Powell, of The Glebe House, Aldershot, after their marriage at the Garrison Church, Aldershot

Wallis — Carson

Lieutenant-Colonel Hugh M. Wallis, D.S.O., M.C., of the Canadian Army, and Leslie Carson, the daughter of the late Mr. Kenneth Kirkpatrick Carson, and of Mrs. Carson, of Mayfair Court, W.1, were married in the Parish Church at Selworthy, near Minehead

Clifford — Benyon

Hugh Francis Clifford, Royal Artillery, the younger son of Major F. Clifford, of 6, Upper Cheyne Row, Chelsea, S.W., and Rowena Benyon, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Owen Benyon, of The Green, Roggiett, Monmouthshire, were married at the Old Church, Chelsea, S.W.



MacLean Watt — Richards

Hector MacLean Watt, Soudan Political Service, the only son of the Rev. Dr. L. MacLean Watt, of Kinloch, Locharron, and Gwendolen Richards, the youngest daughter of the late Mr. L. M. Richards, and of Mrs. Lewis Richards, of 16, Sloane Gardens, S.W.1, were married at St. Michael's Church, Chester Square, S.W.

Frost — Ridsdale

George Albert Frost, the son of Mr. and Mrs. George Hicks Frost, of Leven Lodge, Bilton Road, Rugby, and Esther Marian Ridsdale, the daughter of the late Sir Edward Ridsdale, G.B.E., and the late Lady Ridsdale, were married at St. Mary's Church, Tenby

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

October 23—October 29

THE THEATRE

Plays

THE BLACK EYE.—There 's more fun than philosophy in this, thanks to the dialogue, Jean Cadell and Ralph Roberts; Stephen Haggard acts well as the young hero: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A BUTTERFLY ON THE WHEEL.—Greer Garson makes an excellent "butterfly," and Franklyn Dyall is the prosecutor in this Divorce Court play revived: Playhouse, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CLOSING AT SUNRISE.—The setting is a coffee-stall; the cast includes Shirley Houston, Mark Daly, Anthony Ireland, Joan Marion: Royalty, 8.40. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—Someone 's got to give way in every marriage—Diana Churchill and Richard Bird can't decide who; easy, relevant dialogue and incident make an amusing evening: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE HANGMAN.—Frank Vosper takes the name-part in this Scandinavian play which Dr. Per Lindberg produces: Duke of York's.

JULIUS CÆSAR.—Ion Swinley plays Mark Antony, Cecil Trouncer is Cæsar: Old Vic, 8 (except Monday). Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—Carol Coombe is still the delightful heroine of this theatrical gem from China, with Clifford Bartlett as the hero: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE ON THE DOLE.—A play for everyone to see—a stage microcosm of the industrial depression that is moving in its reality and humour; a brilliant performance by Wendy Hiller: Winter Garden, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NINA.—Versatile acting by Lucie Mannheim in a double part as a film star and her understudy; Cecil Parker and Hugh Miller are also in Bruno Frank's amusing comedy: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

ROMEO AND JULIET.—John Gielgud's production; he plays Mercutio, Laurence Olivier is Romeo, Peggy Ashcroft is Juliet, and Edith Evans the Nurse: New, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SWEET ALOES.—Diana Wynyard is still a big draw as the wronged heroine of Jay Mallory's play: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOVARICH.—First-class theatrical value as to story and dialogue, and a fine cast, headed by Eugénie Leontovich and Cedric Hardwicke: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

TWO SHARE A DWELLING.—Grete Mosheim acts well in a Jekyll and Hyde part, so do Wyndham Goldie and Henry Hewitt, and the play has good moments: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE UNGUARDED HOUR.—Strong legal drama attacking dangers of circumstantial evidence. Fine performances by Godfrey Tearle and Malcolm Keen: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Robert Harris, Celia Johnson, and Mackenzie Ward still play their parts in this unendingly popular play; Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

ANYTHING GOES.—Diana Ward makes an appealing heroine, Sydney Howard is incomparably funny as the villain of this excellently (Cole Porter) musical comedy: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GLAMOROUS NIGHT.—Not for the critical sophisticate, but it 's got everything a full-size Ruritanian musical comedy can have, including Mary Ellis and Ivor Novello: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PLEASE, TEACHER!—Musical comedy with a girl's school setting; Sepha Treble is a girl, Bobbie Howes an intruding young man, and Vera Pearce and Bertha Belmore are in it: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

YOU want Best Seats
WE have them
KEITH PROWSE
Theatres, Cinemas, Cabarets, Sporting Events, etc.
159 NEW BOND ST., W.1 (REGent 6000), and
Branches everywhere — see Telephone Directory

REVUDEVILLE No. 67.—Edna Thompson and Doris Barry are soubrettes, Hugh Rene is funny, Eric Barker and Tony Sympson contribute to the entertainment: Windmill, 1.20-11.30 non-stop.

RIVALS.—This musical version of Sheridan's play is witty and the tunes are good; Bruce Carfax, Frederick Ranalow, Elsie French are in it: Kingsway, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

STOP. . . . Go!—Charlot's new lucky dip, with Dorothy Ward, Douglas Byng, Mary Brian, and some good chorus ensembles as the best dips: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

1066 AND ALL THAT.—The most original revue in London; history burlesqued into fits of laughter; and the cast obviously enjoy themselves: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TULIP TIME.—Twice nightly comedy with music. George Gee, Steve Geray, Jean Colin, and Sydney Fairbrother in unsophisticated humour and colourful scenes: Alhambra, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

DISTINGUISHED GATHERING.—A murder drama by James Parish, with Barbara Couper, Winifred Evans, Bernard Lee, Ronald Ward: Embassy, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ESPIONAGE.—Spy-thrills on the Orient Express; Frank Cellier and J. H. Roberts add their quota to the fun; Marion Lorne makes twittering comedy: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FULL HOUSE.—Ivor Novello's farcical comedy makes some people laugh; Lilian Braithwaite carries off a foolish part with her customary brilliance: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Don't go if you 're nervous—Emlyn Williams acts the young murderer too well—there 's humour as well as horror in this excellent play: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROUND ABOUT REGENT STREET.—A new nonsense in Crazy Month style, with Nervo and Knox, Naughton and Gold, Flanagan and Allen, and a good variety programme: Palladium, 6.30, 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE SOLDIER'S FORTUNE.—A full-blooded Restoration comedy of bad manners; Athene Seyler, Roy Byford, and Baliol Holloway are chief laughter-makers: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.—This mixture of farce and crime is the greatest success for a lowbrow evening; Henry Kendall and Nancy O'Neil are in it: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.—It 's a well-acted play about a wife-poisoner—Leslie Banks; Louise Hampton, Elena Moramova, and Joan Maude as wives past, present, to come: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

VINTAGE WINE.—Seymour Hicks has revived this comedy; Julia Neilson and Ursula Jeans are in it, too: Victoria Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CINEMAS

ANNA KARENINA.—A disappointing Garbo is the heroine of Tolstoy's story, with Fredric March as her lover: Empire.

BARBARY COAST.—A gold-rush romantic thriller by MacArthur and Hecht, starring Miriam Hopkins, Edward G. Robinson, Joel McCrea: London Pavilion.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU.—George Arliss as the Cardinal. And THE PRIVATE SECRETARY, with Edward Everett Horton: Marble Arch Pavilion.

CURLY TOP.—Another Shirley Temple picture, with John Boles and Rochelle Hudson: Tivoli.

THE DARK ANGEL.—Good acting by Merle Oberon, Fredric March, and Herbert Marshall in a sentimental story: Leicester Square Theatre.

EPISODE.—A post-war Vienna setting, with Paula Wessely as the art-student heroine (this performance won her the Volpi Cup): Academy.

HEART'S DESIRE.—Richard Tauber is a Viennese waiter in this, but he sings—and has three girl friends, Leonora Corbett, Diana Napier, Kathleen Kelly: Regal.

JOAN OF ARC.—A superb historical film: Angella Salloker is the Maid, Gustaf Gründgens is the King: Curzon.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.—The Reinhardt production is at last to be seen, and it 's not what it was expected to be: Adelphi, 2.30, 8.30.

THE PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK.—Conrad Veidt is the Stranger, Rene Ray, Frank Cellier and Anna Lee are in this film of Jerome's story: New Gallery.

SHE.—Rider Haggard's famous novel supplies the foundation of this spectacular thriller; Helen Gahagan is "She": Plaza.

TOP HAT.—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers have a new dance; the music is Irving Berlin's; and the show is better than ever: Carlton.

TURN OF THE TIDE.—John Garrick plays hero in the story of a Yorkshire fishing village. Also ZaSu Pitts in SHE GETS HER MAN: Capitol.

OPERA

SADLER'S WELLS:

SAVITRI (Holst); IL TABARRO and GIANNI SCHICCHI (Puccini): to-night, 8.

CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA, PAGLIACCI: October 24th, 8.

FAUST (with full ballet): October 26th, 2.30.

SAVITRI, IL TABARRO, GIANNI SCHICCHI: October 26th, 8.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS.—THE VIC-WELLS COMPANY includes Pearl Argyle, Ursula Moreton, Elizabeth Miller, Margot Fonteyn, Beatrice Appleyard, Frederick Ashton, Robert Helpmann, Harold Turner.

COPPELIA, RAKE'S PROGRESS: October 25th, 8.30.

LES SYLPHIDES, DOUANES, BLUE BIRD, FAÇADE: October 29th, 8.30.

ENGLISH BALLET.—A two-weeks' season arranged by Espinosa and the British Ballet Organisation: Lyric, Hammersmith.

BALLETS JOOSS.—The new repertoire of this clever and original company of dancers includes THE GREEN TABLE, THE MIRROR, THE BIG CITY, BALL IN OLD VIENNA, etc.: Gaiety, 8.45.

BALLETS DE LÉON WOIZIKOVSKY.—The repertoire includes SYLPHIDES, PETROUCHKA, CARNAVAL, PRINCE IGOR, L'AMOUR SORCIER; the dancers, besides Woizikovsky, include Tarakanova, Chanova, Blinova, Eglevsky: Coliseum, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30 to October 26th.

(Continued on page F)

AND we have the Best Show
REVUDEVILLE
at the
WINDMILL
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

PERSIAN LAMB

gives you an important shawl collar and wide cuffs in this copy of Vionnet. In a black velvety woollen fabric with a new fastening of gilt buckles and thonged leather. Colours to order. 39 gns.

HARRODS

Harrods Ltd London SW1

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE OXFORD STREET W·1·

A Velvet Cap with a Persian Lamb bow. Illustrating the Fashion for 'little touches of fur.'

69/6.

One of the many exclusive new models.

THEY'RE VERY MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

Dainty Frock and Knickers *in good quality satin, hand-made. In sky or blush pink. Sizes 1 to 2 years* 55/6

From the Children's Own Shop . . .

The Winter Styles *...by Debenhams*

For Little Boys and Girls of all Ages

Smartly - Cut Suit for Boys *for party or dancing wear. Golden Brown or Black Velveteen Knickers with deep cream satin shirt. Sizes 2 to 6 years.*

Size 2 years

42/6

Rising 3/- each size.

. . .

Smart Coat in pillar-box red cloth, *trimmed with nigger braid and velvet. Warmly lined. Sizes 18, 20, 22, 24 and 26 ins. Size 18 inches* 5½ gns. *Rising 10/6 each size. Hat to match* 39/6

. . .

Practical Frock *in good quality, washable Velveteen, detachable crêpe-de-Chine collar and cuffs, in cherry or light saxe. Sizes: 18, 20, 22, 24 and 26 inches. Size 18 inches* 29/6 *Rising 3 - each size.*

NEW CATALOGUES . . . POST FREE

Debenham&Freebody

WIGMORE ST., W.1.

Debenhams Ltd.

What's On

(Continued from page D)

CONCERTS

Orchestral

B.B.C.—Boult conducts Brahms' First Symphony., Beethoven's Violin Concerto (Carl Flesch) and some new Alban Berg: Queen's Hall, to-night, 8.30.

Boyd Neel String Orchestra.—A new piece by Shostakovitch is included: Wigmore Hall, October 24th, 8.30.

Recitals

Lili Krauss and Simon Goldberg.—Violin and piano recital: Æolian Hall, to-night, 8.30.

Beniamino Ricci.—Song recital: Grotrian Hall, October 24th, 8.30

Renata Borgatti and Alexandre Barjansky.—Piano and 'Cello recital of Beethoven sonatas: Æolian Hall, October 24th, 8.30.

Kathleen Long.—Piano Recital, sonata programme: Æolian Hall, October 25th, 8.30.

Rosenthal.—Piano Recital: Wigmore Hall, October 26th, 3.15.

Myra Hess, Jelly d'Aranyi, Gaspar Cassado. — Haydn, Brahms, Beethoven trios: Queen's Hall, October 26th, 3.

Eva Turner, Ethel Bartlett, and Rae Robertson.—Third "British Artists" concert: Hyde Park Hotel, October 27th, 9.

François, Lang.—Piano Recital: Wigmore Hall, October 28th, 8.30.

Frieda Hempel: Queen's Hall, October 29th, 8.30.

EXHIBITIONS

Motor Show: Olympia, October 17th-26th.

Strobl.—The Hungarian sculptor exhibits his work: 15, George Street, Hanover Square.

DANCING AND DINING

Carlton.—The new cabaret is in full swing; Lou Preager's band plays: extension, Tuesday.

Dorchester.—The new Follies show is excellently gay; Jack Jackson's band plays: extension, Thursday.

Grosvenor House.—Another new floor show, "Tyrol on Parade," has opened here; Syd Lipton provides dance music: extension, Thursday.

Lansdowne House.—There 's a good band (Brian Lawrence's), and you can dance in any clothes; no cabaret.

May Fair.—The transformed "Jardin Fleuri" restaurant, plus cabaret, is now open: Maurice Winnick plays for dancing

New Clarges Restaurant.—Here you eat and talk—there 's no music or dancing: the food and wines are good, and fish dishes are a speciality.

Oddenino's.—Dancing and cabaret in the restaurant; beer and Bohemianism in the famous brasserie.

Prunier's.—This is the place in the oyster season, and for all fish foods; the atmosphere is informal, and there 's no music

Quaglino's.—Walsh and Barker are here again; Van Straten's band plays; evening dress is optional "downstairs": extension Wednesday.

Ritz.—Café Chantant is restored to its original home; Joe Kayne's band plays: extension, Wednesday.

Yacht Club Boys
every night
about midnight.

Jack Harris
and his famous Band.

Café de Paris

COVENTRY STREET, LONDON, W.1. 'PHONE: GERRARD 2462

When you see a

CHARLOT

PRODUCTION

you will find the words

STOCKINGS BY BONDOR

in your programme

"We're specializing in unusual afternoon gowns"

say

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

London's Foremost Fashion Specialists

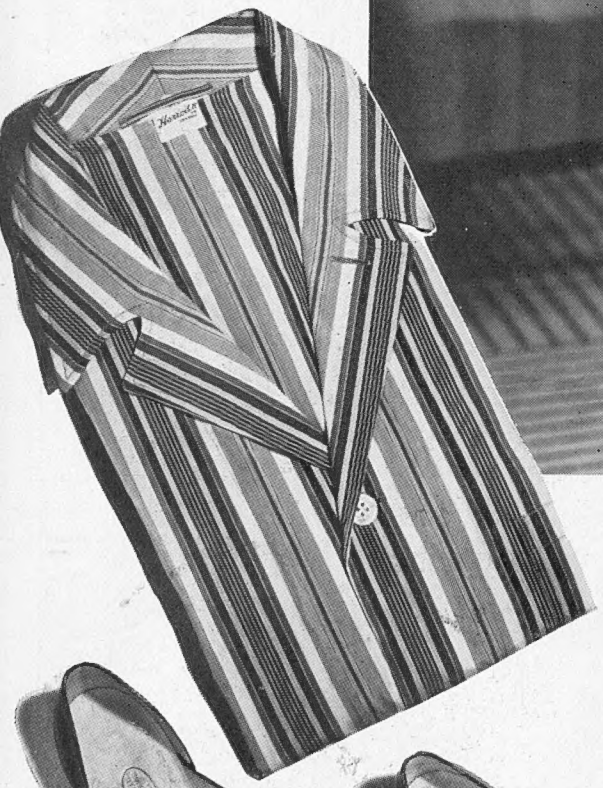
A TOBY frill, buoyantly full with a light beige lining, looks bewitching on this black wool crêpe dress The buttons and buckle are black but sparkling with crystal. 8½ gns.

MAX NICHOLS saw beauty in a monk's habit and designed this gracious dress. He used a thick quilted silk woven with cellophane diamonds, and thick cords and tassels of soft wool

Speciality Department, third floor.

Harvey Nichols & Co., Ltd., London, S.W.1. SLOane 3440.

From Harrods Man's Shop



The Gown is of pure Twill Silk Brocade with a white key pattern on ground colours of Burgundy, Bottle, Green, Blue or Navy. 63/-

The Pyjamas, tailored from English Silk Crêpe, are available in a variety of stripes as well as plain Blue, light Blue, Biscuit, Wine or Green. Pair 60/-

The Slippers are hand-made in Grecian or Albert styles—uppers of Morocco or Glacé Kid—Navy Blue, Burgundy or Black. Also Black Patent Leather. 25/-

Harrods

Harrods Ltd
London SW1

CHAUFFEURS' LIVERIES

Complete Outfits in hard wearing materials, ready for immediate wear.

OVERCOATS from 4½ gns.

Catalogue on Request.

Temple Bar 4477 (Private Branch Ex.).

MOSS BROS & CO LTD
COVENT GARDEN

CORNER OF KING STREET AND BEDFORD ST., W.C.2.

HOW gladly you pay a specialist for his advice when you know it to be good, and it proves to be as good as you anticipate. This is what every woman feels when she has her hair attended to at Emile's. The assistants there, are one and all, hair specialists and hair artists. Although it does not cost you more to go to Emile's for tinting or dyeing, or permanent waving, you have the satisfaction of knowing that you are in the hands of genuine experts.

EMILE LTD.
24-25, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1
'Phone: Mayfair 6263 (3 lines). *'Grams: "Ondulateur, Piccy, London."*

PERFECT COFFEE is

easily made if you use

DAVY'S "PULVO" COFFEE FILTER

AND DAVY'S
PERFECTION COFFEE
Largely Empire Grown.

WE have sent thousands of these filters to customers both at home and abroad, and constant repeat orders testify to the quality of our coffee and the ease in making it when our filters are used

SEND P.O 5/- FOR
"PULVO" COFFEE FILTER
as illustrated (jug not included)
and 1 lb. of our specially granulated
"PERFECTION COFFEE"
Vacuum packed, which ensures perfect freshness.
We pay postage
Satisfaction guaranteed.
Write to Dept. B. at address below

A. DAVY & Sons Ltd.
Coffee specialists for over 40 years
38 & 40, Fargate, SHEFFIELD

For bald-headed and thin-haired

Let us help you and send you (free of postage) all particulars about **Comos Hairbalsam**

The COMOS - MAGAZINE
Copenhagen V. Denmark 37

"OUR RESPONSIBILITIES ARE GREATER..."

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales speaking at the British Legion Conference on June 11th said . . . "the responsibilities of the Legion are growing, and the calls upon our funds—owing to the advancing age of ex-Servicemen—are not diminishing."

It is, therefore, incumbent upon each and every one of us to give the utmost financial help possible to ensure that not a single legitimate call for aid goes unanswered.

Please give Generously for your Poppy !

POPPY DAY Nov. 11

All donations should be addressed to the local Poppy Day Committee, or to: Capt. W. G. Willcox, M.B.E., Organising Secretary, EARL HAIG'S (British Legion) APPEAL FUND, 29 Cromwell Road, London, S.W.7

Ladies willing to act as Poppy Sellers are asked to apply to their local Poppy Day Committee or to the above address.

Famous for Fifty Years

Rendells

Approved by Doctors

FROM ALL CHEMISTS

AN INSTITUTION
in Entertaining and Hospitality

GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY
Queen's Sweet Sportsman's Dry

"For all home entertaining have this lovely liqueur — famous for over a century." *Little Lady Liqueur*

WELCOME ALWAYS — KEEP IT HANDY

GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY

From your Wine Merchant or write . . .
T. GRANT & SONS, Ltd.
MAIDSTONE, Eng. (*Est.* 1774)

LONDON SAFE DEPOSIT

MOST MODERN SECURE AND CENTRAL IN EUROPE.
Nominal Charges.
'Phone: Whitehall 8845
18-20, LOWER REGENT ST. PICCADILLY CIRCUS

ROYAL WEDDING NUMBER ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

November 9th

TWO PLATES OF THE BRIDAL PAIR from special sittings granted by H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester and Lady Alice Scott to Frank O. Salisbury, L.L.D., R.S.P.
EIGHT PAGES IN COLOUR dealing with the life of His Royal Highness and Lady Alice Scott.
SPECIAL COVER designed by SMITHSON BROADHEAD (the artist of the wonderful "Illustrated London News" Jubilee Covers).

Readers, and especially those who live overseas, are advised to order their copies NOW from any newsagent or bookstall, or from our publishing office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. This is necessary to avoid disappointment, as the demand will certainly exceed the supply, very large as that supply will be.